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McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor — OFFICIAL PAPER OF THIS COUNTY — TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

VOL. XLIV — SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1907. — NO. 46

OLD CITIZEN PASSED AWAY YESTERDAY.

Roswell Sartwell, Prominent Resident of Smethport, Died at 3 a. m.

SERVED ONE TERM AS SHERIFF.

Descendant of One of the First Families to Settle in this Part of the State—Was 80 Years of Age.

Roswell Sartwell, one of Smethport's oldest, most prominent and warmly esteemed citizens, died at his home on King street, Wednesday morning at 3 o'clock, the immediate cause of his death being the effects of a stroke of paralysis, which he suffered a few weeks ago, although his health has not been good for several years past. He was 80 years of age the 7th day of this month.

Mr. Sartwell was a man who won and retained the regard of friends. His kind and genial disposition and an attractiveness that appealed to people upon short acquaintance, and the longer one knew this estimable man the better they liked him. He was prominently identified with the history of Smethport, having been a life-long resident and always to be counted on the right side when any movement was started for the betterment of the town. He was one of those sound and substantial citizens who are as the life-blood to the prosperity of a community.

Mr. Sartwell was born in Smethport on November 7, 1827. In 1861 he enlisted in Company H, 58th Regt. P. V. I., but was discharged after short service on account of physical disability. During his active life he was extensively engaged in the mercantile and lumber business, but retired from these duties nearly twenty years ago. In 1878 he was elected sheriff of McKean county and made a most efficient officer during the term which he served. He married Mary A., a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Chapin. She died several years ago. Two sons were the fruits of this union, Thos. L., who is a druggist at Eldred, and Frank C., of the firm of Bartlett & Sartwell, plumbers, of Smethport. Mr. Sartwell was a member of the G. A. R. In politics he was a Democrat and his conservative and far-seeing temperament, together with his knowledge of political matters and popularity with the voters in general, made his services much sought in the councils of that party.

From the History of McKean County it is learned that the first of the Sartwell family in America was Simon Sartwell, who located in Charlestown, N. H., and was killed by Indians, while plowing on his farm. He had two sons, Obediah and John. Obediah lived in Langdon, N. H., and had a family of six sons. Solomon, the eldest son, came to Pennsylvania after his marriage and settled on Sartwell Creek, Potter county, and about 1815, moved to Farmers Valley where he died. He had a family of eight children, the eldest boy also named Solomon, who became one of the prominent men of this county serving as justice of the peace, sheriff and associate judge. He was the father of six children, Roswell the last survivor being fourth in order of birth.

Thus it is seen that the Sartwell family from father to son have been closely connected with developments in this part of the country and have each shared in the winning of this populous and thriving section from the wilderness, and also enjoyed the regard of their respective generations.

The funeral will be held at the late home of the deceased at 1:30 o'clock tomorrow afternoon, the Rev. J. Hober McCandless officiating. Interment will be made in Rose Hill cemetery.

Well-Known Young Man Dead.

Lawrence Lambillotte, aged 21 years, died at the home of his parents on Edson street, at about 10 o'clock Wednesday morning, of typhoid fever. He had been sick for several weeks but was believed to be improving up to a short time of his death. He leaves to mourn his death, his parents, two brothers, August and Edgar, and two sisters, Mrs. Geo. Bongamont, of Charlston W. Va., and Celina Lambillotte, of Eldred. The funeral was held Saturday, Eldred Eagle. This young man was a window glass worker and was at one time employed in a Smethport factory. He had a number of friends in Smethport who sincerely regret his sudden death.

Call at Carrie Reilly Clark's millinery store and see the great assortment of elegant and artistic hats which she is showing for the fall and winter season. The establishment is up-to-the-instant in styles. Call and be suited. 15tf

Wanted at the Barney-Bond bottle factory, boys from 14 years of age up. Good chance for men with sons capable of working in the factory as fathers will also be employed. 45tf

I have some sidewalk lumber, also some 3x12 and 2x12 18 and 20 feet long for sale cheap. James Quirk.

Williams-Crosby Nuptials.

On Thursday evening, November 7th, the marriage of Miss Georgia Diantha Crosby of Smethport and Mr. Tom Frederick Williams of Butler, Pa., was solemnized in the Methodist Episcopal church of this place.

The church was handsomely decorated with pink and white chrysanthemums, palms and branches of evergreens. It was well filled with guests, both from this vicinity and from a distance. The ushers were Paul Stone of Corry and J. C. Fisher of Butler.

Miss Bradley, organist of St. Luke's church presided at the organ, and before the ceremony rendered an accompaniment of G. Claire Burch's solo, "Until You Come," by Allestine. Both the solo and the accompaniment were beautifully rendered.

At seven thirty o'clock the groom, accompanied by J. D. Cutler of Greenville, Pa., who filled the position of best man, took their places near the altar where they awaited the bride and her attendants. To the strains of the wedding march from "Lohengrin," the bridal party entered the church, first the bridesmaids, Miss Zoe Williams, sister of the groom, of Corry, Pa., and Miss Rhoda Ross of New York City, each gowned in white net made over white taffeta silk, and wearing white picture hats trimmed with pink roses and white plumes, and carrying large bouquets of pink roses. Next came the maid of honor, Miss Genevieve Crosby, sister of the bride, in pink silk mull, with a pink hat mushroom style and carrying white chrysanthemums. And finally the bride, leaning on the arm of her father, E. M. Cheeseman of Smethport.

The bride wore a dainty gown of white chiffon, elaborately trimmed in narrow valenciennes insertion and edging. Her hat also was white, trimmed in plumes, and she carried white sweet peas and roses. The couple advanced to the altar where they were met by Rev. W. A. Harris, the pastor, who spoke the words which united them for life, the beautiful ring service being used.

After the bridal party left the church the pink and white tafetta ribbons were removed from the pews and to the inspiring strains of the wedding chorus from "Lohengrin" the guests went out into the night. A large number went to the Cheeseman residence where a reception for Mr. and Mrs. Williams was held, after which an elaborate luncheon was served, and Mr. Burch sang several songs in his delightful manner.

The happy couple received a great many beautiful gifts from their many friends and relatives.

When the time came for their departure they were showered with rice and confetti and with difficulty escaped. The wedding trip will include Buffalo, Toronto and other points, after which they will be at home in Butler, Pa.

Among those present from out of town were Dr. Olin Williams and C. H. Douglass of Butler, Pa.; Mrs. W. K. Stone, Mrs. C. H. Brackin and son, Olin, and Harry Burch of Corry, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Williams of Marion, Ohio; Ernest Towle of Wilcox, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Parrish of Homer City, Pa.; Eugene Wilkow of Middleport, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Gleason and daughter of Wilcox, Pa.; Mrs. F. T. Clarnock, W. A. Leonardson and Mr. and Mrs. John Cheeseman and daughter of Kane; G. Claire Burch, Fred S. Ommidson and J. A. McKinnon of Kushequa; Mrs. H. C. Robinson and Miss Myrtle Walker of Hazelhurst; Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Gallup, Dr. C. F. Elliott, Dr. W. L. McWilliams, Ernest Johnson, Edgar C. Cleveland, Jr., Tom M. McClellan, Misses Ruth Cleveland, Ethel Johnson, Ethel Partridge, and Helen McClellan of Mt. Jewett.

Married in a Vault.

William Barr, of Port Allegany, and Miss Alma Andress of Montgomery, were united in marriage on election day in the vault in the prothonotary's office, according to the Danville News. The young people presented themselves at the prothonotary's office and secured a license, explaining that they preferred the services of a justice of the peace rather than a minister in performing the ceremony. A justice serving on an election board in an adjoining room was in and said if the jury did not leave the building he could leave his duties long enough to perform the ceremony. The couple agreed, and, to escape the publicity of the prothonotary's office, stepped into the vault where the marriage vows were given.

Notice to Team Owners.

Teams wanted to haul wood by the day or cord. Steady from now until spring. Good contracts given to responsible parties.

B. F. HAZELTON CO.

For particulars write or call on H. E. LINDQUIST, Hazelhurst, Pa.

Notice.

On and after Nov. 18, 1907, the barbers of Smethport will raise the price of shaving to 15 cents. Razors honed 50 cents, face steamed 10 cents. 45-2t

L. K. Hogarth has just received a large new stock of Hand Painted China and Cut Glass. Goods to be sent away will be packed free of charge.

The Backus Novelty Works.

On Monday's Miner reporter paid a visit to the Backus Novelty Works on Water street, and through the courtesy of J. C. Backus passed a pleasant and instructive half-hour in inspecting that busy and interesting plant.

Mr. Backus is the inventor of the several articles manufactured in that factory, the principal one being his celebrated coat and hat hook-lock, which is gaining a very favorable reputation wherever shown throughout the United States and Canada. He has recently completed, patented and commenced the manufacture of an umbrella rack, with the locking attachment, which is made in four sizes, holding six, twelve, eighteen and twenty-four umbrellas. By the use of these combination hook and lock devices the loss or theft of a coat, hat or umbrella is rendered practically impossible. They are convenient in construction and operation, and neat in appearance. Public places using those systems wonder how they could ever get along without them.

Another article which has just been placed on the market is a hall-tree which will be furnished to buyers with their choice of various wood finishes, and which aside from being of great usefulness is decidedly ornamental. The model shown the writer was of oak, antique finish. It is about six feet high and is constructed along compact and graceful lines, so that while occupying little space it contains six hat and coat hooks, with ample room for the hanging of such articles, and six umbrella holders, with drum cups. These are all equipped with the locks and key-checks that makes mistakes in the appropriation of one by another's property out of the question. The time honored joker, over the stealing and loss of umbrellas will have to go out of business when these contrivances come into general use.

Other articles manufactured are the hinged and duck pin attachments for the Backus Automatic Pin-Setter company. Parts are now on hand for the making of several other clever novelties.

The plant is thoroughly equipped with the latest labor-saving machinery for the stamping, bending and cutting of steel and other metals. Large quantities of sheet steel are used weekly and the amount of work turned out is surprising. One of the plans for the future is the establishment of a foundry for the manufacturing of iron castings. Hart Kidder, well known throughout this part of the country as an exceptionally skillful workman, is foreman of the mechanical department.

The nickle plating and oxidizing room in charge of Earnest Hamilton is of special interest to the visitor. Here the hooks receive their final finish and are made ready for shipment in boxes also made in the building.

At present seven men are regularly employed at the plant, with prospects very favorable for a steady increase in the force. The present pay-roll amounts to over four thousand dollars a year. This money comes from all over the country and is spent in Smethport, thus the Backus Novelty Works, owned and operated by J. C. Backus, R. W. Hilton and J. M. Hilton, is an industry of constantly increasing benefit to the town.

Wonderful Rescue.

This morning's Era contained the following Pottsville, Pa., dispatch: Imprisoned for 87 hours, several hundred feet beneath the surface of the earth, almost directly under his own home, where his wife and children mourned for him as dead, Michel McCabe of Gilberton was to-day taken from his tomb in the Draper mine, barely alive, after one of the most marvelous rescues in the history of anthracite mining.

Since Saturday afternoon, when the top of the chamber in which he was working caved in and caused a rush of culm and water from the surface, relays of workmen toiled unceasingly to reach him. Shortly after midnight the rescuers detected a scratching noise which told them that McCabe was still living and with renewed vigor fresh reliefs were put to work and at 9 a. m. he was reached. He had not changed his position from the time the rush occurred, as he feared that by moving about another rush of culm might start which would end his life. When rescued he said he thought he had been imprisoned for at least a week and was extremely weak for want of food and water.

Williamsport Commercial College.

Twenty-two students accepted positions in October. Fifty-four calls received for office help in forty-four school days. A business education is a good investment. Enter any time. Trial lesson and catalogue free.

Do you know that Pinesalve Carbolized acts like a poultice in drawing out inflamation and poison? It is antiseptic. For cuts, burns, eczema, cracked hands it is immediate relief. 25 cts. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

For Sale.

The house and lot at the corner of Green and Union streets. Apply to E. A. McCoy. 46-tf

Just received an exquisite line of the G. G. Rhodes Hand Painted China. Just the thing for wedding or Xmas gifts. MOLLIE E. PIERCE.

YOUNG MAN ROBBED OF $68 THIEF SKIPPED

Lish Smith Loses His Savings Sunday and the Suspect Got Away.

FRANK ANSON HAS A BAD RECORD

And is Accused of This Crime—Said to Have Stolen a Gold Watch and Suit Case at Shingle House.

Lish Smith, a well known East Smethport young man, employed on the yard crew of the Kushequa Route in this place, was the victim of a robbery Sunday and is consequently $68 to the bad. He drew a month's pay Saturday, cashed the check and placed most of the money with his savings in his room at his home. Sunday he discovered that his entire stake, with the exception of two cents, was missing.

All indications point to a young fellow, who gave his name as Frank Anson, as being the perpetrator of the robbery. He came here a short time ago and secured employment in the Berney-Bond bottle factory. He boarded at Mrs. Sands's at East Smethport and is said to have known where Lish kept his money. Anson succeeded in getting away before the theft was discovered. He hired a rig Sunday and was taken to Newton where he boarded the south bound flyer and since then no trace of him has been found.

It is said that Anson formerly lived in a Wisconsin town. He came to this place from Shingle House where it is said that he stole a suit case containing clothing and a gold watch. Anson is described as being about 17 years of age, medium height, light complexioned and having reddish hair.

Larabee Pioneer Dead.

James Monroe Childs, a pioneer resident of Larabee, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Lillian Huff, in Buffalo, N. Y., on Nov. 4, 1907, aged 78 years.

The body was brought to Larabee Wednesday on Pennsylvania train 102, and taken immediately to the church in Coryville, where Rev. Smith of Farmers Valley delivered the funeral address to a large assemblage of relatives and friends who had gathered to pay their last respects to the memory of the deceased.

Mr. Childs was born in Centerville, N. Y., May 15th, 1829, and was a son of Daniel and Hannah Childs. He came to this region in his youth and has spent the most of his life in Larabee. In early manhood he was united in marriage to Elizabeth Chase, and reared to maturity 9 children, 7 of whom, with his widow, survive him. The children are: Mrs. Jane Dickenson of Farmers Valley, Mrs. Ella Dickenson of Olean, N. Y., Mrs. Eunice Peake of Larabee, Mrs. Lillian Huff, Mrs. Effie Ellis and Gilbert and Milton Childs of Buffalo.

The flowers were exceptionally beautiful and numerous, many of the floral pieces being gifts from friends of the deceased.

The interment was made in the family lot at Smethtown.

Civil Court Proceedings.

A busy term of civil court is in session here this week. The amount of business on hand make night sessions necessary.

Among a number of cases disposed of Monday was that of E. B. Bailey vs. A. Peterson, claim for services rendered. The jury awarded Peterson $83.74.

The motion for a new trial made by counsel for Jacob Goodman of Bradford was decided by Judge Bouton. Goodman was found guilty at the last term of criminal court of stealing a quantity of shingles belonging to Miller & Son of Bradford. Judge Bouton sentenced Goodman to the Western penitentiary for one year and six months, also that he pay a fine of $200 and costs of prosecution.

In the case of Grow Bros. vs. Maggie Berringer, a verdict was found for the defendant.

In the case of Allen D. Ott vs. Mr. and Mrs. William Miller, a replevin case, verdict for defendant for value of goods, $125.

When the case of Alldrew Miller vs. McGregor & Grant was reached, a jury was called, the plaintiff offered an amended statement to which the defense pleaded surprise. The jury was withdrawn and the case continued.

When the baby is cross and has you worried and worn out you will find that a little Cascasweet, the well known remedy for babies and children, will quiet the little ones in a short time. The ingredients are printed plainly on the bottle. Contains no opiates. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Wanted.

To exchange second hand hemlock lumber for hay. C. H. Gleason.

For rent—Desirable flat. For particulars call at H. W. Rubin's store.

Fresh Baltimore oysters at the Model Restaurant.

Diabolo, Popular New Game.

Diabolo, a new old game which was the craze in France during the past summer has reached the United States and dealers say that it will attain popularity with a ping pong rush and retain it with a tenacity which attaches to its kindred game of tennis.

The original game is said to be an old one and was introduced from China into France over 100 years ago, but was recently revived and made more skillful.

The game consists of spinning a top on a string, throwing it in the air and catching it again. The player is equipped with two batons, one held in each hand, to which a strong cord is attached. The diabolo is a double-headed top made of celluloid. The cord is looped so as to be under the waist of the diabolo, then by raising and lowering the arms the top is made to spin rapidly and by pulling the string taunt it can be be projected upward or forward in a degree corresponding with the skill of the manipulator. In full rotation the diabolo spins 2,000 turns a minute, and is caught on the strings and passed from one player to another with great dexterity.

The count of the game is somewhat similar to tennis and like that game is played on outdoor or indoor courts, and can be played by sides or clubs, as they are called by the French, of almost any number, which line up somethling on the plan of a football eleven.

To the looker-on it is the most graceful of all known games, yet in point of quick and energetic exercise it is unique. It is not a game of strength but of quickness and balance and eye. For women it is said to be an almost perfect game.

A Word Concerning the Italians.

N. L. Hoover, of DuBois, a lumberman, who has had a large experience with Italians, having had many of them in his employ, says concerning them:

"Don't let it get into your head that because we hear of a lot of violence and crime committed by Italians that the Italians are naturally a bad race. They are just like other nationalities in that respect, some of them bad, but most of them are peaceable, industrious, honest and law abiding. A good many of the worst who left their country for their country's good, and who were encouraged to leave by their government, came to this country in recent years and among them were a lot of desperadoes. These have done much to prejudice our people against the whole race. I have employed a lot of Italians in the past ten years, and have found them generally to be very efficient, honest and faithful workers. The Italian is naturally warm blooded and emotional. He is kind and hospitable himself and appreciates very highly the kindness and hospitality of others. He minds his own business, is cheerful and contented, saves his money—a virtue that most of our American workmen could cope with advantage. The next generation will see the Italian taking high rank as a loyal, successful and intelligent American citizen."—Johnsonburg Breeze.

Resolution of School Board.

Through an oversight the following resolution did not appear in last week's MINER, the copy being mislaid.

"Resolved by the Board of Directors of Smethport, Penna., School District, that we note with pleasure and satisfaction the earnest work of the members of the High School Literary Team, who participated in the contest with Mt. Jewett.

We desire to offer official congratulations to the participants in particular and the school in general in recognition of their victory in securing for Smethport High School first place in the McKean County Literary League."

More Bears.

Otis and Almeron Lyman of Liberty are not loosing their reputations as bear hunters. This week they captured two more, making five in all. The last two weighed four hundred and one hundred and twenty-five pounds, the smaller one after being caught in the trap, proceeded to climb a tree, taking the trap with him. The hunters shot and killed him and when he dropped the clog on the trap became caught in the limbs of the tree and Mr. Bear was suspended in mid air. The tree had to be cut down before he could be taken from the trap. Bears are quite plentiful here this year. —Port Allegany Argus.

Trial Catarrh treatments are being mailed out free, on request, by Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. These tests are proving to the people without a penny's cost—the great value of this scientific prescription known to druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Remedy. Sold by All Dealers.

I am prepared to do Manicuring, Shampooing and Facial Massage at residence. Alberta Sturdevant.

Lost.

Lost—Oct. 29, gold watch and fob. Finder please leave at this office and receive reward.

Wanted—A girl for general house work. Apply or address Mrs. H. C. Wells.

Phonographs on easy payments. Palace Pharmacy. Burg Chadwick, Prop.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

A number of [illegible] ladies and gentlemen were invited to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan Gorton on King street, on Thursday evening, July 28, 1887, to attend a party given in honor of Miss Neva Eaton. A most pleasant evening was passed by all who attended, and the refreshment served were pronounced delicious.

Verner-Reed.—At the parsonage of the M. E. church, Aug. 3, 1887, by Rev. W. Bradley, Mr. Samuel D. Varner and Miss Eva Reed, all of Smethport.

On Thursday afternoon, July 28, 1887, about ten young ladies assembled at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Palmer on Green street, to attend a tea party given in honor of the sixteenth birthday of their neice, Miss Susie Palmer of Salamanca, who is spending a few weeks here. The ladies report a pleasant time.

A fifteen pound girl baby arrived at the residence of Mace Lillibridge, of Port Allegany, on Monday, Aug. 1, 1887. The parents are justly proud over the new arrival.

An unknown man was hobbling around Smethport on Tuesday, Aug. 9, 1887, begging for a "little change" with which to procure sensible food. The rumes which were emitted from his mouth were enough to sicken a weak stomach if in the same room. Just before the 5:50 train left in the afternoon on the B. B. & K. road, this man asked Conductor Powell for a ride up as far as the bark peelers' shanties on the Poor Farm. The conductor replied that he could not ride without paying fare. The man then disappeared, and as no one was paying special attention to him he was lost sight of. The train left and just as it reached the edge of the woods on the poor farm the engine and tender became detached from the baggage car. The engine was stopped, backed up and again coupled to the train. When it was found the last coach was off the track. When the hands went back to put the car on the track, they discovered the remains of a human being lying just back of the car. The train had passed over him and he was literally torn to pieces. Both his legs were cut off and the top of his head completely severed. On examination the remains were found to be those of the unfortunate creature who was begging through the streets during the day. It is supposed that he was determined to ride up to the shanties and he got on to the bumpers between the tender and baggage car just before the train started. He then conceived the idea of separating the coaches from the locomotive, which would necessitate the stopping of the train when he could get off. It is thought that he lost his balance and fell off on to the track after pulling the coupling pin and the cars were separated from the locomotive, which the coaches passed over him before they were stopped. The remains were taken back to town, and on Wednesday by order of Justices Ford and Smith were turned over to the county commissioners, who represent the poor district of the county. The commissioners had them placed in a coffin and buried in the poor farm cemetery. Justice Ford examined his clothing carefully but could find no clue to his name or from whence he came. His right arm was tattooed in sailor-fashion with India ink. His lameness was caused by a fever sore, and he used a crutch and cane to assist him in getting around. The man appeared to be about 50 years of age.

Saturday night, Aug. 13, 1887, about 8 o'clock the extract works at East Smethport, narrowly escaped destruction by fire. A lantern exploded in the dust room where Lewis Thomas was at work. The burning oil soon ignited the inflammable substances in the room, and it was only by heroic efforts that the fire was extinguished before much damage was done to the building. But in their efforts to save the building two men were severely burned about their hands, arms, faces and bodies. The injuries of Mr. Thomas were particularly painful, and will undoubtedly incapacitate him for work for weeks. He not only received burns from the flames caused by the exploding lantern, but in grouping his way out of the dark room, after the fire was extinguished, he stumbled against the hot "coppers," thus greatly augmenting the broiling process of the body. When at last he emerged from his perilous position the skin of his face, hands and arms was hanging in shreds. The burns were so deep in places that one of his finger nails pulled off. The injuries of Harry Connor, while exceedingly painful, are not so severe as those of Mr. Thomas, but will probably lay him up for some time.

Miss Lee Knapp of this place has just closed a term of select school at Mt. Alton. Miss Knapp is one of the successful teachers of the county. 1887.

DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve penetrates the pores—thoroughly cleanses—and is healing and soothing. Good for piles. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Before buying wedding presents call and look over my stock. L. K. Hogarth.

Subscribe for the MINER.

The End of the Feud.

By Charles Sloan Reid.

Copyright, 1901, by Charles S. Reid.

"WELL, ye've got me, Tom, hard an' fast, an' that's a fact."

It was even difficult for the man to speak, so completely was he wound with ropes. Beginning at his shoulder, the ropes, by numerous tightly drawn coils, bound his arms fast against his body and held his feet and legs so close together that his knee joints worked as one. The man's captor sat opposite on the ground, dangling his hands over his knees and grinning.

"Yes, Joe, I've got ye. Ye're slippery, Joe, slippery as a greased eel, but I've got ye now."

"It's all on account o' them dinged ing-urns I et this mornin'. Allers would sleep like a dead hoss arter eatin' ing-urns."

"I reckon so, Joe."

"Didn't think about anybody windern' into this place nohow."

He looked up and around. They were sitting at the bottom of a deep gorge, with perpendicular walls of granite rising more than a thousand feet above them, and these walls almost surrounded the little basin in a small compass. There was only one narrow outlet.

"But, ye see, I been trailin' ye for two or three days, like a hungry coyote on the track of a crippled jack-rabbit."

"I reckon so."

"Hadn't been for that don't reckon I'd 'a' found my way in here for some time. Somehow never had tried to come down in here in all my born days 'pears this place sort of seemed to be on your side."

"What air ye goin' to do about it now ye've got me?"

"Hain't decided, but maybe I'll jest open a vein in yer neck an' let ye peg out that way."

"Can't ye make it quicker'n that? I allers done my work clean, Tom, an' ye know it, don't ye?"

"So ye did, mighty clean. Ye're a pesky good shot, Joe."

The feud was an old one and had claimed many victims on both sides. In fact, it had reduced the two families to four members, Joe Dunston had an only son left, and Tom Wylie had an only daughter. Hardly a gorge or ravine there was unstained by the precious claret that had been its tragedy.

[illegible] of the feud. Over there a young lad kneeling to drink at a clear spring had dyed its waters with his blood ere the ripples died, and down there in the home of a bleating skeleton had remained ready loaded for months after the [illegible] of a lifeless mother had been [illegible] and [illegible] of the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything kept in a

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right.

Stock Is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

C. J. Vanblad

Practical Horseshoer.

We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of

HORSESHOEING

and

BLACKSMITHING

in a satisfactory manner.

THE BIG STORE.

FOR

FRUIT CANS AND JELLY GLASSES

POTATO HOOKS AND FORKS

GAS RANGES, HOT PLATES AND OVENS

MANTLES, GLOBES AND BURNERS

TIN and ENAMEL WARE

J. C. HAMLIN

The Big Store, SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 14, 1907.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Civil court is in session this week.

—Work on the Smethport Chemical factory at East Smethport is progressing steadily.

—Miss Ella Young has recovered from an attack of typhoid fever and is able to be out again.

—Howard F. Wilson, formerly of Smethport, has recently opened a restaurant in Port Allegany.

—The Smethport cutlery works now give employment to about 25 people. The factory is turning out a high grade of work.

—The Pennsylvania railroad has a new ad to-day containing interesting information regarding the new union station at Washington, D. C.

—E. W. Long has taken possession of the Commercial Hotel at Mt. Jewett. The retiring landlord, A. L. Colegrove, and family are temporarily residents of Olean.

—S. P. Button has sold his house and lot on West King street to Fred A. McCoy, and it is understood that Mr. McCoy will move to his new property in about two weeks.

—The Sunday train on the B. L. & K. railroad between Kane and Mt. Jewett has been discontinued, which fact does not make a favorable hit with many dwellers on the big level.

—Mrs. L. K. Hogarth gave a pink tea last Friday evening in honor of her daughter, Leona's, twelfth birthday. A number of her young friends were in attendance and an enjoyable occasion was the result.

—Complaint is made by dwellers on East Main street that clothing is taken from the lines occasionally when the washing is left out over night. Some useful and valuable garments have recently disappeared.

—Charles Townsend and Miss Fern Fessenden of Ronlette were recently married in Olean by the Rev. Mr. Lichlester of the First M. E. church. The groom is a popular young glass worker, who formerly lived in Smethport.

—Condersport Democrat: Arch Lyman and Miss Clara Gaylord, both of this place were married Monday. Shortly after the words making the couple husband and wife were pronounced, the bride became hysterical and had several convulsions. The minister and his wife, the bridegroom and the couple accompanying the bridal pair became alarmed and a hurry call was sent for a doctor, who soon succeeded in restoring the bride to her normal condition.

—Eight valuable horses were burned to death in a fire which destroyed a stable at Loleta, a small town near Ridgway, on Wednesday night of last week. It is thought the fire was started by tramps.

—John B. Coulston, formerly editor of the Condersport Democrat, now a resident of Covena, California, is president of four banks and a director in a fifth. Guess that's going some for a country newspaper man.

—The Holmes Estate of Coryville, Pa., on Saturday sold, through the Herrick Agency of Bolivar, a small tract of pine timber located near Coryville to Belvidere parties. The timber is to be cut within three years.—Bolivar Breeze.

—G. A. Johnson, a well known citizen of Mt. Jewett, died in the Bradford hospital early Tuesday morning. He had been in the hospital about a week, and his death was due to a complication of ailments. He leaves a wife and family.

—The job of taking up the rails along the line of the old B., B. & K. railroad between Ormsby and Smethport is practically finished, and thus what was at one time a busy branch of the famous old narrow gauge road has passed into history.

—Mr. and Mrs. George Bliss who reside midway between Kane and Dunkle on the North Kane road celebrated the 65th anniversary of their marriage Sunday. There were many friends present on this memorable occasion.—Kane Republican.

—H. F. Grabe of the firm of Sloan & Grabe has been quite ill for several days and his mother, Mrs. Grabe of Condersport, has arrived in the city to be with the patient. Monday afternoon Mr. Grabe showed signs of a fever and was admitted to the Bradford hospital.—Era.

—A Port Allegany comedian recently decided to play a joke on a friend and caused a notice to be published in the Argus asking for correspondence with a young lady with a view to matrimony. He signed his friend's name to the ad and represented himself to be the contracting party to the editor of the paper. The friend did not see the joke and after an interview the funny fellow was pleased to get out of the mess by publishing a retraction. It is dangerous business to carry a joke to the law-breaking point.

Making Good.

There is no way of making lasting friends like "Making Good;" and Doctor Pierce's medicines well exemplify this, and their friends, after more than two decades of popularity, are numbered by the hundreds of thousands. They have "made good" and they have not made drunkards.

A good, honest, square-deal medicine of known composition is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It still enjoys an immense sale, while most of the preparations that have come into prominence in the earlier period of its popularity have "gone by the board" and are never more heard of. There must be some reason for this long-time popularity and that is to be found in its superior merits. When once given a fair trial for weak stomach, or for liver and blood affections, its superior curative qualities are soon manifest; hence it has survived and grown in popular favor, while scores of less meritorious articles have suddenly flashed into favor for a brief period and then been as soon forgotten.

For a torpid liver with its attendant indigestion, dyspepsia, headache, perhaps dizziness, foul breath, nasty coated tongue, with bitter taste, loss of appetite, with distress after eating, nervousness and debility, nothing is so good as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It's an honest, square-deal medicine with all its ingredients printed on bottle-wrapper—no secret, no hocus-pocus humbug, therefore *don't accept a substitute* that the dealer may possibly make a little bigger profit. *Insist* on your right to have what you call for.

Don't buy Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription expecting it to prove a "cure-all." It is only advised for woman's *special* ailments. It makes weak women strong and sick women well. Less advertised than some preparations sold for like purposes, its sterling curative virtues still maintain its position in the front ranks, where it stood over two decades ago. As an invigorating tonic and strengthening nervine it is unequaled. It won't satisfy those who want "booze," for there is not a drop of alcohol in it.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, the *original* Little Liver Pills, although the first pill of their kind in the market, still lead, and when once tried are ever afterwards in favor. Easy to take as candy—one to three a dose. Much *imitated* but *never equaled*.

—Miss Miriam Gertrude Davis and Joseph Townsend Wilson of Camden, N. J., were recently married at Belmar, N. J. The groom is a son of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Wilson, and was born in Smethport, where his parents resided for a number of years. Many friends of the family in town unite with the MINER in extending hearty congratulations.

—Frank Swayne, Austin's professional base ball player, was in town the latter part of the week. Next year he will play with the St. Louis Americans. Herbert Moran, Condersport's clever base ball player who is working as machinist in the shop of Currier & Koeth here, will be one of the Providence team next season. William Anderson, another good player, who is working in the Spatters restaurant, will be a member of the Toledo aggregation.—Potter Democrat.

—According to the Potter Enterprise Attorney Frank E. Baldwin of Austin is a candidate for State Senator from the district composed of McKean, Tioga and Potter counties, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held next April. It is reported that Mr. Baldwin will receive the support of Hon. W. W. Crittenden and other prominent politicians of Potter county in his candidacy. Mr. Baldwin started his career as a lawyer in Smethport and is well known in this part of the county.

—Tired of life, Leopold Erhart, whose home is in Dayton, N. Y., but who has been stopping in Bradford for several weeks, climbed to the summit of Mt. Raub some time during last Thursday and hanged himself in an old boiler house with a rope which he had taken along for the purpose. The body was found Friday morning and indications were that the man had slowly strangled. He was about 45 years of age and left a note at his boarding place stating his intention of ending his life. He was confined in an insane asylum at Gowanda, N. Y., not long ago, and it is thought he was in a demented condition when he took his life in this deliberate manner.

A Divide.

The country trial moves slowly, although with weight and accuracy, but the mode of expression is not to the point. Even the prisons are to turn. They are always of the old value. An old fisherman sat by the sea will skinning eels which were that forenoon to be packed in ice and sent to a city market. A young woman, a visitor in town, stood by watching the unusual occupation and quite fascinated by the ease and dexterity with which it was carried on. At length she felt the necessity of making talk.

"What do you get for eels?" she asked.

"Nothin'," returned the old man emphatically, stripping off a skin. Then with the same precision and lightfulness, haste he "peeled" another and another, leaving his visitor to wonder at the eccentricity which prompted him to take so much trouble unrewarded. It was only after she had given up the question as a bad job that he calmly finished his sentence—"to what I'd ought to."

How Sleep Is Caused.

Just how sleep is brought about is one of the unsolved problems that have been before science since the earliest times. There are three general explanations of sleep. They are called the circulatory, the chemical and the histological theories. The first two have subdivisions. The histological theory is now pretty well accepted. The nervous system is made up of thousands of nerve cells. These are connected like a huge net by nerve elements, little branching fibers. Each nerve element is naturally independent, but functionally dependent. Neurologists tell us that the fibers become disconnected in sleep—that is, each nerve cell is separated from its neighbors by the elements, or connecting fibers, becoming disconnected. The nerve cells build up themselves while separated, as they have no messages from the body to bear to the brain. As the sleeper regains consciousness the nerve fibers unite and once more begin their duties.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Possible Population of the Earth.

By the best reckoning the earth's population for some two centuries or so has been increased at the rate of about a million a year. From now on, on account of improved material conditions and the diminution of the slaughter consequent to war, the increase bids fair to be much greater. It has recently been estimated that the earth under present conditions might be able to support a number treble that of its present population—that is, about 4,500,000,000—four thousand five hundred millions. By means of scientific appliances and the reclamation of arid and swamp lands it has been calculated that the figure given might be doubled or even trebled, giving ten or possibly fifteen thousand millions as the ultimate limit of the earth's population.—New York American.

A Peripatetic Investment.

When the scallop is full grown it is able to swim with great rapidity by opening and closing the valves of its shell. This curious fact, says What to Eat, was unknown to an unfortunate Frenchman who undertook a few years ago to establish a scallop plantation on a quiet New England beach. He deposited several thousand scallops in shallow water, expecting them to breed, but when he looked for them the next day all of them had fled.

Lucky.

Patience—They say your brother used to have great luck as a fisherman. Patrice—Yes; he did have. Nearly everybody used to believe him.—Yonkers Statesman.

Your skin should be clear and bright if your liver is in normal condition. Dades Little Liver Pills act on the liver; and headache, consumption and billiousness disappear. Price 25 cents. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Mansfield's Fancy Collar.

Richard Mansfield, when a mere boy was playing the leading role in a tragedy, in the last scene of which he was strangled. Sometimes, however the actor who was to simulate strangling him became too realistic. Several times he nearly incapacitated the principal player for finishing his great scene. It came to such a pass that drastic measures had to be taken. One evening, in the greenroom, Mansfield sidled up to the muscular player who was to strangle him. The latter noted a strange addition to Mansfield's costume. Instead of the collaret of lace it was his wont to wear, bound about his neck was a leather band thickly studded with prongs.

"And what is that for?" he asked.

"Oh, that?" replied Mansfield, with the rising inflection and a smile in his voice; "that is merely a trifle, a mere trifle to defer the collection of my life insurance. Most inconveniently the healthy condition of my neck and throat is necessary for the pursuance of my profession and the earning of my daily bread."

The other actor saw the point and applauded. Mansfield took off the collar and never after suffered at his companion player's hands in the big scene.

Fire Escape on a Steamer.

"We're used to odd questions," said the skipper of a river steamer as he stood on the wheel in the center of a crowd of querying passengers, "ain't we? I got this bunch aboard I'll breathe easier and tell you the latest. All aboard? Very good. This is it. The other day as we left the pier one swung into the stream a woman approached with her two children. I saw I was it and waited. 'Where's the fire escape?' she demanded. My big hand told me never to travel without finding out where the fire escape was. I knew it would never do to tell her we had no fire escape, but I had to study a bit for an answer. Finally I pointed to the rigging ladder running up our solitary and never used mast. 'There it is,' I told her, 'and if a fire breaks out you just run up that.' She appeared quite satisfied, but I hope she'll never be aboard ship when a fire breaks out. If she is and runs up a mast there'll be trouble sure."—Philadelphia Record.

What Gives a Book World Significance.

Regarding as a reliable estimate the number of books published each year throughout the world is at the present time about 7,000. Most of these go into well merited oblivion. Some enjoy a temporary popularity. A very limited number are translated into several languages and become part of the permanent heritage of humanity. From the point of view of both writer and reader few questions can be of greater importance. Pray, then, what is the quality that gives a book vital, that gives it world importance? In the largest sense, it may be answered that the universal book is the book that transcends all national boundaries and appeals to universal emotions. But these emotions vary in intensity from age to age and from century to century.—Current Literature.

A Protest.

The brave ship was wallowing in the waves that threatened to engulf her at any moment. Hastily the captain ordered a box of rockets and flares brought to the rail and with his own hands ignited a number of them, in the hope that they would be seen and the passengers and crew rescued. All the rockets and flare a tall, thin, austere individual found his way with difficulty to the rail and spoke to the captain.

"Captain," said he, "I must protest against this daredevilishness. We are now facing death. This is no time for a celebration."—Success Magazine.

Fate leads the willing, but drives the stubborn.—French Proverb.

A 25c. Bottle of

Kemp's Balsam

Contains

40 DOSES,

And each dose is more effective than four times the same quantity of any other cough remedy, however well advertised and however strongly recommended that remedy may be.

Remember always that KEMP'S BALSAM is the

Best Cough Cure.

It has saved thousands from consumption.

It has saved thousands of lives.

At all druggists, 25c., 50c. and $1.

Don't accept anything else.

Sloan's Liniment

BRADFORD, PA.

JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.

Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 492

BURDICK & SARTWELL PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

THE MUSSULMANS.

They Are Not Easily Disturbed While Saying Their Prayers.

When saying his prayers the true Mussulman is not easily disturbed. Hans Doering in his account of his travels in Chinese Turkestan, writes: "It is an interesting sight to see a Mussulman perform his devotions. Through the pane of glass in my paper window I saw the interpreter spread his carpet in front of his house just opposite the one in which I was living. His wife and child sat quite close to him talking loudly with some visitors, but this did not in the least disturb the old man at his devotions.

"In spite of the noise the melodious chanting of the Koran was quite audible. The worshiper bowed several times and cried 'Allah, Allah, Allah!' then for awhile stood reverentially clasping his hands crosswise upon his breast, after which he joined in the conversation.

"His wife then went through the same performance, doing exactly the same as her husband. This they do every morning and evening whether there are friends with them or not."

It Depended.

English John and Pat were two friendly workmen, who were constantly jibing, each one trying to outwit the other.

"Are you good at measurement?" asked John.

"I am that," said Pat quickly.

"Then could you tell me how many shirts I could get out of a yard," asked John.

"Sure," said Pat, "it depends on whose yard you get into."

The Beginning of Football.

The first reference to what may possibly be the game of football is to be found in a proclamation of Edward II., 1314, when the people were forbidden "to hustle over large balls." The present name was first used in a statute of Edward III., 1347, when "football" in London streets was declared illegal.—London Reader.

Worse Than Simple.

Wijjit—I am going to buy a place in the country and raise chickens and pigs. I will get up before day and get my appetite by working in my garden. The simple life for me. Mijjit—That is not the simple life. That's foolish.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Behind the Guns.

"My proudest boast," said the lecturer, who expected his statement to be greeted with cheers, "is that I was one of the men behind the guns."

"How many miles behind?" piped a voice in the gallery.—London Answers.

You can't be well if your blood is unhealthy, tired-out stomach. Neither can you feel good if by some little irregularity in eating you have caused the stomach to get out of order. These little stomach troubles are signs of indigestion, which may and very often does turn into a very bad case of dyspepsia. Don't allow this to go on a single day without doing something to overcome it. Take some good reliable and safe digestant like Kodol for Dyspepsia. Kodol is the best remedy known today for heart burn, belching and all troubles arising from a disordered digestion. It is pleasant to take and affords relief promptly. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

L. K. Hogarth

Dealer in Drugs and Medicines.

Opposite Grange National Bank

Rubber Goods, Toilet Articles, Stationery, &c.

Candy and Ice Cream at all times in the new department.

Ice Cream, Fancy or in Bricks, at your order.

Cigars from 3 for 5 to 20c each.

L. K. HOGARTH,

Leading Druggist,

Opp. Grange Bank SMETHPORT

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. - Smethport

Rheumatism

I have found a tried and tested cure for Rheumatism! Not a remedy that will straighten the distorted limbs of chronic cripples, nor turn bony growths back to flesh again. That is impossible. But I can now surely kill the pains and pangs of this deplorable disease.

In Germany—with a Chemist in the City of Darmstadt—I found the last ingredient with which Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy was made a perfected, dependable prescription. Without that last ingredient, I successfully treated many, many cases of Rheumatism, but never at first formedy cures all curable cases of this horrible much dreaded disease. Those acid-like germ-like wastes, found in Rheumatic blood, seem to dissolve and pass away under the action of this remedy as freely as does sugar when added to pure water. And then, when dissolved, those poisonous wastes freely pass from the system, and the cause of Rheumatism is gone forever. There is now no real reason why anyone should suffer longer with our help. We will, and in confidence recommend

Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy

(ALL DEALERS)

A STURDVEINT

I have purchased the candy and fruit stand formerly owned by John Musante, next to the Brownell grocery and will carry a full line of

Fruits, Nuts, Confectionery, Etc

Your patronage is solicited.

PINEULES

30 DAYS' TREATMENT FOR $1.00

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

FOR ALL KIDNEY, BLADDER TROUBLE, RHEUMATISM AND LUMBAGO

A dose at bed time usually relieves the most severe case before morning.

BACK-ACHE

—PINEULE MEDICINE CO.—

CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Sold at Palace Pharmacy, Smethport by C. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

R. G. TERRY.

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National, Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

Terms:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable quarterly. Our own business and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $3.00 per annum.

Births, marriages and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 14, 1907.

So our neighbor the Democrat, holds the Norwith township vote in his vest pocket, does he? But the voters of Norwich like the smell of that bouquet.

STEPHENS, the miles in the old-fashioned heel-and-toe gait, with many miles behind him and 545 miles between him and his journey's end, Edward Payson Weston, the father of the long-distance walking game, arrived in Buffalo yesterday afternoon. He is walking from Portland, Maine, to Chicago in an endeavor to beat his own record made forty years ago.

DROPPING the words "In God We Trust" from the new gold eagle has raised quite a storm of protest throughout the country. One minister said it looked as if the nation was beginning to put its trust in banks and trust companies instead of in God, and he suggests that the recent financial stress might be traced to forgetfulness of God. Another minister says: "The motto 'In God We Trust' on our coins stands for religion and patriotism, and there should be mighty weighty reasons for its withdrawal. I should like to know what actuated the people in Washington."

PERHAPS the most unique entertainment ever pulled off at the White House was on Monday afternoon when President Roosevelt and a few friends known as the "tennis cabinet," together with the Japanese and French Ambassadors, witnessed a wrestling program indulged in by Japanese athletes. Hirachiyama, the Japanese champion gave an exhibition of his skill by standing 200 pound men on their heads and other startling stunts. No matter how skillful the wrestler when he became entangled in the mesh-es of Mr. Hirachiyama's mane it was all off with him. The President was much pleased with the program and did not offer to try conclusions with the gentle man when he was overtaken by a bad attack of influenza.

THE Democrat became anxious last week to give us a little slap about running "Republican campaign matter as advertising and classing it as such that it gives away one of its own business secrets, i. e. that when it (The Democrat) sells its advertising space it is compelled to throw in the whole influence, backbone and prestige of that sheet by publishing it as original matter. The MINER may lack backbone according to the Democrat's idea of backbone but it has sufficient value as an advertising medium to command the regular prices for advertising and its editor has the backbone to class paid matter as such. We consider our druggists who are advertising patent medicines just as reputable citizens as our other advertisers, even if the Democrat does not, and if our Prohibitionist advertisers consider it an insult to have their advertising put in the same class, we have no apologies to make. His article last week was another case of the Democrat throwing bouquets for a purpose.

THE "bouquet" the Democrat handed out to the Swedish-Americans, accompanied by the statement that they "contributed their full share toward accomplishing this great victory for Mr. Isherwood," does not smell very sweet to them, in fact it has a very repugnant odor to these voters who had pledged themselves to the Republican ticket and kept their pledges as they most certainly did. Nearly all the Swedish-American voters of this county are members of the Swedish-American club and this organization, at a regular meeting, unanimously pledged their support to the whole Republican ticket this fall, and it is no wonder that they do not like to be held up before the people as men who break their pledges even when such an insult is accompanied by a Democrat bouquet. We have been assured by some of the leading Swedish-American voters of this borough that the Democrat was in no way justified in making such an assertion and that it was made with the intention of working a political injury to the Swedish-Americans. Our neighbor is very liberal with his bouquets at times but he always figures that the receiver will pay well for them and in many instances in a way they least expect.

Are You Interested in Livestock.

When The New-York Tribune Association six years ago decided to establish the New-York Tribune Farmer, a non-political, national journal, to be devoted to every branch of agriculture and other interests of the farmer and his family in every part of the country, men of the highest authority in every branch of farm work and farm experience were consulted as to writers whose services it would be most desirable to secure.

When the late Dr. J. C. Currier, of Minnesota, the author of "Horse Sense," was asked to name the best writers on horses and on veterinary practice he named only one: "Dr. C. D. Smead, living in Logan, N. Y., is just the one you want—if you can get him." Dr. Currier's opinion proved him as good a judge of men as of horses.

Dr. Smead undertook the work of answering not only veterinary questions but reasonable queries in regard to the breeding, the care and the feeding of all domestic animals; he taught how to keep them well and that beasts seldom need medicine if properly looked after. Not the questioners alone profited by Dr. Smead's department, the value of which received immediate and extended recognition. There is good reason for this.

Dr. Smead didn't take up his profession as an easy way of earning a living. He has been a practical farmer and live-stock breeder from his youth. He loves animals and is unhappy when they suffer or fall in health, so many years ago he decided to learn how to care for and cure them; he dropped his work, took a course and became a doctor himself—not for the money he might earn, but for the sake of the neglected and suffering animals. And he didn't stop study when he left school; he studied books, reports and, better still, the animals themselves every day since. No wonder he succeeds and is to-day, largely on account of his work in the New-York Tribune Farmer, the best known veterinary surgeon in America.

Card of Thanks.

Farmers Valley, Pa. Nov. 9th 1907.

To my many friends in Farmers Valley and Smethport, Greeting:

It would have been better perhaps if I had expressed before my appreciation of your unwavering care and thoughtful kindness during my wife's sickness and after her death. My excuse for not doing so is that I was incapable of doing it. The long days and nights of pain and agony had got on my nerves and I couldn't think of much else.

As it is I haven't much to say, only this, if you or anyone else needs a friend and I am near, you wont have to hunt for me, I'll be there.

Yours truly,
C. L. PALMER.

A tickling cough, from any cause, is quickly stopped by Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. And it is so thoroughly harmless and safe, that Dr. Shoop tells mothers everywhere to give it without hesitation even to very young babes. The wholesome green and tender stems of a lung-healing mountainous shrub, furnish the curative properties to Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. It calms the cough, and heals the sore and sensative bronchial membranes. No opium, no chloroform, nothing harsh used to injure or suppress. Simply a resinous plant extract, that helps to heal aching. The Spaniards call this shrub which the Doctor uses, "The Sacred Herb." Demand Dr. Shoop's. Take no other. Sold by all druggists.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Nov. 9, 1907:

Mrs. Myra L. Deville, Miss Florence Keefe, W. Thomas, Miss Mabel Thompson, Ada Winsor, Miss Olive Winship.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

When the Stomach, Heart, or Kidney nerves get weak, then these organs always fail. Don't drug the Stomach, nor stimulate the Heart or Kidneys. That is simply a makeshift. Get a prescription known to Druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Restorative. The Restorative is prepared expressly for these weak inside nerves. Strengthen these nerves, build them up with Dr. Shoop's Restorative—tablets or liquid—and see how quickly help will come. Free sample test sent on request by Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Your health is surely worth this trial test. Sold by all druggists.

Literary Exercise.

Wife (scornfully)—Oh, I've no doubt you were at your literary club reciting poetry till this hour of the night. And, pray, what were you reciting? Husband (reminiscently)—I think wash something 'bout "Chips That Pash In the Night."—Baltimore American.

His Cleverness.

"Don't be so lazy. There's plenty of room at the top, and you're clever enough to get there."

"But," replied the lazy genius, "think how clever it is of me to find a place at the bottom, where there isn't so much room."

There is nothing better for stomach troubles than Kodol, which contains the same juices found in a healthy stomach. Kodol is offered on a guaranteed plan for the relief of heart burn, flatulence, sour stomach, belching of gas, nausea, and all stomach troubles. So at times when you don't feel just right, when you are drowsy after meals, and your head aches or when you have no ambition, and you are cross and irritable, take a little Kodol. It digests what you eat. It will make you healthy. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Pain anywhere, in the head, painful periods, Neuralgia, toothache, all pains can be promptly stopped by a thoroughly safe little Pink Candy Tablet, known by Druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets. Pain simply means congestion—undue blood pressure at the point where pain exists. Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets quickly equalize this unnatural blood pressure, and pain immediately departs. Write Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis., and get a free trial package. Large box 25 cts.—Druggists. Sold by All Dealers.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers are the best pills made. They do not grip. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

License Transfer Notice.

In re application of John Carl Block for transfer of liquor license at Quarter Sessions of McKean County, No. 16, June Sessions, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that application will be made by John Carl Block, to the Court of Quarter Sessions of McKean County, on the 18th day of November, A. D., 1907, at 9 o'clock a. m. for the transfer of a retail license granted May 16, 1907, to Fritz Block for the White Star Hotel, in the village of Hazelhurst, Hamlin Township, Pa., situate on the north side of Main street on lot No. 1; the residence of John Carl Block is Hazelhurst, Pa., and his occupation, clerk.

V. B. BOOTON,
Attorney for Petitioner.

Smethport, Pa., Nov. 6, 1907.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Bulletin.

The New Union Station at Washington.

All the passenger trains of the Pennsylvania Railroad will enter and depart from the new Union Station at Washington on November 17, 1907, and on the same date the present station at Sixth and B streets will be closed to traffic.

The date is singularly fitting. In 1807 both wings of the Capitol were completed, and now a century later a building even larger is opened for a great public utility, which did not exist at that time.

The railroad terminal facilities at Washington have been inadequate for years, particularly at inauguration periods and on the assemblage of other large gatherings at the Capitol. Their improvement was imperative and so it has come about that, by the combined effort of the railroads and the United States Government, one of the largest and unquestionably the handsomest railroad station in the world is now provided not only for the convenience of the citizens of the United States, but as a notable architectural addition to the great public buildings of the Capitol City. It is a monumental edifice and a worthy type of the future structures, which will make Washington the municipal beauty spot of the world.

The station including the Concourse is longer than the Capitol and nearly as wide. The waiting room is larger than the hall of the House of Representatives. The concourse, which is the train lobby, is longer than the interior of the Capitol building, if it were one continuous hall, and half as wide. It is the largest building ever constructed for a like purpose.

Within this great structure there is every convenience the traveler can desire, so grouped about the central hall as to serve his purpose to the best advantage.

The lofty arched entrances face a plaza as large as an ordinary city park, which will be laid out as a plaza and adorned with shrubbery and fountains.

The trackage is sufficient for all demands upon it and as the entrance to and exit from the trains are separated, the confusion and jostling of hurrying crowds, moving in opposite directions will be obviated.

The bigness of the station is impressive, its utilities obvious.

YOUNG MAN HAS NEW THEORY

Human Life Seems Centered In Stomach. All Else Is Secondary.

The immense success which has followed L. T. Cooper during the past year with his new preparation has exceeded anything of the kind ever before witnessed in most of the leading cities where the young man has introduced the medicine. Cooper has a novel theory. He believes that the human stomach is directly responsible for most disease. To quote his own words from an interview upon his arrival in an eastern city: "The average man or woman cannot be sick if the stomach is working properly. To be sure, there are diseases of a virulent nature, such as cancer, tuberculosis, diabetes, etc., which are organic, and are not traceable to the stomach, but even fevers can, in nine cases out of ten, be traced to something taken into the stomach. All of this half-sick, nervous exhaustion that is now so common, is caused by the stomachic conditions, and it is because my remedy will and does regulate the stomach that I am meeting with such success.

"To sum the matter up—a sound digestive apparatus that is doing its full duty, getting every particle of vitality out of all food by transferring it to the bowels in a perfectly digested state—this above all else brings health."

Mr. A. C. Brock, chef of the Brock Restaurant, Market District, Boston, Mass., who is a staunch believer in Mr. Cooper's theory and medicine, has this to say: "I had chronic indigestion for over three years. I suffered terribly, and lost about thirty pounds. I was a physical wreck when I started this Cooper medicine, a month or so ago. Today I am as well as I ever was in my life. I am no longer nervous, my food does not distress me in the least, and I have a splendid appetite. I am gaining flesh very rapidly—in fact, at the rate of a pound a day. I would not believe any medicine on earth could have done for me what this has done. It is a remarkable preparation and Mr. Cooper deserves all his success."

We recommend the Cooper preparations as being remarkable medicines. —McCoy's Drug Store.

PIANOS

And Organs at all prices and terms to suit, direct from the manufacturers.

E. E. Ellison

143 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA.

The best light to read by is the natural, steady white flame from

Family Favorite Oil The Best for Illuminating.

The nearest approach to the natural white rays of the sun.

Odorless, clear—white as water—won't soot, won't smoke, won't char the wick.

Your dealer recommends it. Ask him.

WAVERLY OIL WORKS

Oils for all Purposes — Independent Refiners PITTSBURG, PA. — Booklet sent Free

DR. E. R. BAKER,

DENTIST

OFFICE HOURS:
8:30 a. m. to 12 m,
1:30 p. m. to 5:30 p. m.

OPEN EVENINGS

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

MOVE COUGH THE BOWELS AND WORK OFF A COLD WITH THE ORIGINAL BEE'S LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP. BEST FOR A

Cleanse Your System

The first natural laxative introduced to the American people is

HUN-E-LAX THE BOWEL BON BON "PURE AS HONEY"

HUN-E-LAX—the little Bee-hive-shaped Bowel Bon Bon cleanses the bowel passages with natural sweetness and helps every organ to help itself to health.

Ask your druggist for HUN-E-LAX and be sure you get the little Bee-hive-shaped Bowel Bon Bon. Take no other. (1)

10 cents—The Box of 8—all druggists. Wilds Laxative Company, Buffalo, N. Y.

They are all in

A new and complete line of everything for fall for men.

New Swell Suits, The Latest Raincoats, Nifty Neckwear, Up-to-date Overcoats, Sweaters of all kinds.

Everything the best at the lowest prices.

We can fit your pocketbook as well as yourself.

H. W. RUBIN

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

The Brownell Store

ANDREWS & SCULL, PROPRIETORS

ORANGE PEKOE FERN PEAS
ENGLISH BREAKFAST TEA

Are having a great sale in our store at present and they well deserve it. If you have not tried them do so at once.

We also carry a full line of Fresh Groceries and the best of Berries and Green Goods.

Andrews & Scull.

If You Want Anything Good to Eat

Come and see us. We have the best line of

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

in town. Searchlight is our leading brand of flour. New Teas and Coffees just arrived. We are also receiving fresh Oysters from Baltimore daily. Don't send out of town for we can sell you goods for cash as cheap as anybody. Give us a chance and we will prove it.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

STATIONERY

One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family recipes. Bring them here and get the best.

H. C. WELLS.

COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Emperor and Puritan 30c

Palmer House, 35c

Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister, 30c

Black Coffee 10, 20, 22, & 35 cents

We Can Please You. Give Us a Trial.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St **W. H. Hungerford,** SMETHPORT

Brasted's Confectionery

is popular because it is THE BEST

Always Fresh and Delicious. All varieties for all occasions.

THE LINDHOLM COMPANY.

The Printzess Cadet is the Coat that Unites Exclusive Styles and Honest Quality.

Every mother's daughter who likes nice clothes will want a Printzess Cadet--the snappiest styles we ever sold or you ever saw.

They show the latest fashions as do the adult's Printzess, but so adapted to youthful tastes that they are "creations" by themselves.

You'll see the difference when you see one on your own little girl. And you'll appreciate it better when you'll find how it wears. Materials, tailoring and fit are all guaranteed by the Printzess label.

Come in and see what values are represented in these illustrations

We have arranged our complete line of children's garments for a grand showing from Nov. 8 to Nov. 16, and will have many special coats to offer. During this time it will pay one to select the winter coat while sizes are complete.

This season shows the largest line to select from as well as the best values we ever offered.

"Printzess coats are best." And surely you want a Printzess.

The Lindholm Company.

CUTLERY

Carvers, Butcher Knives, Sticking Knives Skinning Knives, and knives of all kinds. These knives are all guaranteed. If you find a flaw in your knife return it and get a new knife or your money. No questions asked. We have also added to our stock a line of Pocket Knives manufactured by the Smethport Cutlery Co.

Daly & Garlick.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport, as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 14, 1907.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Subscribe now. $1.00 in advance.

—Hose Company's dance and supper, Nov. 22.

—Are you a subscriber to the MINER? If not, remember that one dollar in advance pays for the paper one year.

—Remember the Smethport hose company's supper and dance, which will be given at the hose house, Friday evening, Nov. 22.

—A roller skating rink will soon be opened in the Backus building, opposite the court house. It is understood that Eldred men are promoters of the movement.

—S. E. Bell, H. H. Redfield and O. J. Hamlin received the welcome intelligence this week that another well recently drilled in on their Illinois oil property is a good one.

—Last Sunday was Chas. W. Dickenson's 65th birthday and as a commemoration of the day about twenty relatives and friends of that worthy gentleman were entertained at dinner. May he have many happy returns of that day.

—A double force is working at the Smethport Window Glass plant this week so as to furnish work for some of the many followers of the window glass trades who are at present out of employment. This is a result of an action on the part of the workmen who believe in the live and let live policy. The plan is for [illegible] thus giving him a chance to earn something. The blowers and gatherers at the factory number just about double the force under normal conditions and it is said that close to a hundred more men are employed at the factory under this arrangement.

—The basket ball team of the Smethport high school will start indoor practice at the Lyceum next week. The team this year looks like a good one and some interesting games may be looked for. Glavin, Stull, McGowan, Bush, McClure, Specht, Lyon and several other good players are candidates for the team.

—A. C. McComb, one of the best known and oldest real estate brokers in Pittsburg, Tuesday got hold of a vial containing carbolic acid, a draught of which caused his death after half an hour of intense agony. Mr. McComb had been suffering with asthma and was in the habit of taking medicine in the morning to allay the pain.

—John Witt, a bottle blower, was given a hearing before Justice Gleason Tuesday on an assault and battery charge. It was alleged that Witt kicked a boy, Eddie Engstrom, employed at the Berney-Bond factory. After the evidence in the case had been aired the matter was settled by Witt paying fine, costs, etc., amounting to about $20.

—The first lot of bills for subscription due the MINER has been sent from this office. It is the custom of this paper to send out bills to all persons behind on their subscription account once a year—or oftener if necessary. Do not be offended if you receive one of these reminders to settle. The MINER does not question your credit or good intentions, but simply asks you for the money because it is needed, now, at once, in the business. Now is the time to settle arrearages and pay one dollar in advance for another year's subscription.

—Yesterday's Era contains the following Oil City dispatch: "Pap" Richards, who ran the first train on the old Oil Creek road—the first railroad in the oil country—is dead here, aged 74 years. He began his railroad career on the New York Central in 1850.

—A Mission will be given at St. Elizabeth's church during the first week of December, beginning on Sunday at 10:30, by Father O'Keefe and Father Gorman, Paulists Fathers of New York City. This mission will continue during the week, morning and evening, when strong sermons will be delivered by these able gentlemen. Members of the church and all are earnestly invited to attend.

—The engagement of Miss Elenor Partridge of this city and Mr. Herbert Brown of New York, was announced on Tuesday, at a reception given in honor of the bride-elect by the members of the Bradford Nurses' association, at the home of Mrs. W. L. Wells on Jackson avenue.—Bradford Record. Miss Partridge has many friends in Smethport who will be pleased to hear of this happy announcement.

—This week the MINER adds to its equipment a number of new and artistic faces in job and advertising display type. The job department of this paper is constantly kept up to date, and you can rest assured of securing a neat job in the prevailing printing styles if you bring your work here. Within a short time a new gas engine of increased power will be added capable of running all the machinery in the plant. It will be of the famous International Harvester Co.'s make, that are giving such complete satisfaction throughout the country.

—Sanford Provin of Keating township was a pleasant caller at the MINER office yesterday. Mr. Provin was born and raised in this vicinity, but left here in 1872, and did not again become a resident of the county until last April when he purchased the A. L. Provin farm in Farmers Valley. Mr. Provin is one of the youngest surviving veterans of the civil war, as he has not yet reached his 60th birthday. He is the only survivor of Capt. Warren Cole's company which was recruited in Smethport and mustered into the 211th Regt. Pa. Vol. He was but little more than 16 years of age when he enlisted.

To check a cold quickly, get from your druggist some little Candy Cold Tablets called Preventics. Druggists everywhere are now dispensing Preventics, for they are not only safe, but *decidedly certain* and prompt. Preventics contain no Quinine no laxative, nothing harsh nor sickening. Taken at the "sneeze stage" Preventics will prevent Pneumonia, Bronchitis, LaGrippe, etc. Hence the name, Preventics. Good for feverish children. 48 Preventics 25 cents. Trial Boxes 5 cts. Sold by All Dealers.

Wanted.

Local representative for Smethport and vicinity to look after renewals and increase subscription list of a prominent monthly magazine, on a salary and commission basis. Experience desirable, but not necessary. Good opportunity for right person. Address Publisher, Box 89, Station O, New York.

Personal Mention.

Attorney F. D. Gallup visited Bradford Monday.

John Rooney of Mt. Jewett was in town this week.

Allen Park transacted business in Bradford Monday.

Mrs. Carrie Clark is visiting Buffalo relatives and friends.

Miss Genevieve Crosby was a visitor in Mt. Jewett yesterday.

Roy Stark of Bradford visited his parents in town over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Corwin visited in Bradford during the week.

John Hoffman of Keating township is serving as a juror this week.

J. L. Morrison returned Monday from a visit at Clarksburg, W. Va.

Mrs. Cooper Hoffman of Hazelhurst visited in Smethport Saturday.

Mrs. E. D. Martin of Marvindale spent Tuesday with relatives in town.

Misses Amanda and Mary Anderson visited Bradford friends Saturday.

Miss Rachel Rubin was a Bradford visitor the latter part of last week.

Miss Edith Colegrove of Olean is visiting relatives and friends in town.

Attorney W. J. Millikin of Bradford is in attendance at court this week.

Mrs. Benjamin Wood of Ormsby was a guest of friends in town Saturday.

Mrs. Seeley Acre and Miss Hazel Acre are visiting friends in St. Marys this week.

Mrs. M. J. Welch of Bradford was a guest of relatives and friends in town over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Colegrove of Olean were greeting their many friends in town this week.

F. L. Holmes has been transacting business in Chicago and St. Louis during the past week.

R. B. Stone, Esq., of Bradford is among the many attorneys interested in court business this week.

Chas. Roberts of Kane is serving as a juryman this week and incidentally greeting friends in town.

Mrs. W. P. Burdick of Mt. Jewett was in town Tuesday and favored the MINER with a pleasant call.

Mrs. Libby Emory of Perry, N. Y. is a guest of her mother, Mrs. J. F. Ebenspacher, of East Main street.

Dr. Wonk went over to Smethport Monday morning where he will register with the prothonotary.—Kane Republican.

John T. Ruffalo was in Brookville this week where he was engaged as interpreter at a session of court held in that place.

Misses Dora Clark and Ida Anderson were among the Port Allegany people present at the Lyceum dance Saturday night.

Miss Irma Wells of Smethport was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Finney of West Washington street Sunday.—Bradford Star.

Mrs. John Greely passed through Smethport Saturday night on her way home to Crosby, after a visit with Bradford relatives.

Deputy Sheriff and Mrs. W. H. Morrison were called to Randolph Saturday last on account of the serious illness of Mr. Morrison's mother.

Mrs. Agnes McQuiston departed today for her home in Mexico City, Mexico, after an extended visit with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. H. L. McCoy.

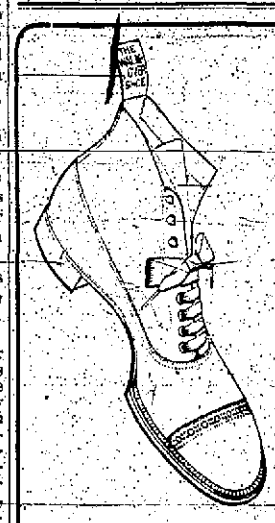
Mrs. William Hafner returned Saturday night from Bradford where she has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. H. F. Grabe, for the past three weeks.

Hon. James A. McKean departed Tuesday for Independence, Kansas, and other western points, where he will look after investments and visit friends. He expects to be absent about a month.

The Postmaster of Gasconade, Mo., Daniel A. Bugh, says of DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. "I am doing so well, and improving so fast in health that I cannot say too much for your Kidney and Bladder Pills. I feel like a new man." DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills are sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Closing out sale at store of D. C. Young. Call and look over remaining stock of merchandise, and find many articles which you can use, at cost or even less.

Subscribe for the MINER.



FOR MEN.

$3.50, $4 and $5.

Come, Let Us Fit You.

WM. MONHEIMER.

Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Skirts

FRY & COMES.

Sale of Decorative China.

IMPORTERS SAMPLES.

We offer this week 82 sample pieces of fine china at prices which make them truly remarkable bargains.

The importer had finished his season's business just before we happened along and was ready to close out his samples. This is always effected at a loss, but in this instance the price made to us was much more of a reduction than usual.

We bought them at an average of less than half—you may own one or more at the same reduction this week. Its a capital opportunity to lay by a few Christmas gifts or fill in a nich in your own home with a dainty piece of Brick-a-Brack.

Figures—Baskets—Vases—Bowls—Bottles—Jars, etc., in all sizes up to vases 20 inches high.

Values from $1.00 to $12.00
Sale Prices, 50c to $4.75

FRY & COMES

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready to lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

"Insist upon having only the genuine." Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

INSPECTION SOLICITED

Vantine's Oriental Perfumes and Toilet Articles,
and
All the most exclusive novelties in Fall goods will be found at
MRS. MARY L. BISETT'S
CITY STORE.

New Fall and Winter Styles in Shoes. Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

Chase and Sanborn's Coffee.

"Specially Blended
Naturally Splendid"

If you have never tried it ask for a Sample Can.

Excellent Values at
20, 22, 25 & 35c per lb.

J. Colegrove, Grocer,

Smethport, Pa.

I have just received the most complete line of

CHANDELIERS

ever shown at one time in the town.

If you intend buying a chandelier this winter you will do well to examine my stock for Bargains in this line.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. SMETHPORT

Obliging D. D. D.

By M. M. CUNNINGHAM.

Copyright, 1907, by M. M. Cunningham.

Carman scowled as a tiny figure in brown linen scuttled across the lawn.

"Up to more mischief," he growled. "Just had one spanking and getting ready for another. I hope he gets it. It's a pity I can't give it to him. He'd remember it better than the policeman sessions he usually has."

Daniel Davenport Dudley slipped around a corner of the carriage house, and Will Carman resumed his book. The day was far too fine for reading, but his clothes were downstairs drying out, and one of Bob Dudley's dressing gowns was scarcely an appropriate costume for outdoor exercise.

He had run down to his partner's bungalow for the day only. He had wanted to make a base of operations against Ruth Emory, who was staying across the river at the Blessington's country place. Ruth was to leave tomorrow for Bar Harbor, and unless he spoke today there was small chance of winning her hand for another six months. Carman was to letter writer, and he could not hope to conduct an epistolary courtship.

"WON'T YOU PLEASE MARRY HIM SO I WON'T BE SPANKED."

Helen Dudley, his partner's wife, had suggested the scheme of his running down ostensibly upon business just at the time that Dudley was going away. He might go over to Blessington's for want of better occupation, and the battle would be won.

But they had not counted upon D. D. D. That ingenuous six-year-old had spent the early morning in bridging with bathches and sod the tiny stream that cut through the Dudley lawn. Carman had broken through the shaky bridge and had soaked himself to the knees. Mrs. Dudley had spanked D. D. D., but that did not dry damp trousers nor muddy boots, and now Carman was sitting in the guest room smoking Bob Dudley's cigars and softly cursing small boys and other fates that kept him from Miss Emory's side.

Presently he laid down the book as D. D. D. came around the corner of the carriage house again. The roof repairers had left some tar on the dirt heap, and in making up a ball of the sticky compound D. D. D. had smeared his clothes with the mess.

"Good!" commented Carman. "Now you will get spanking No. 2. Just wait until your mother sees you."

There was not long to wait. D. D. D. ran to the rear of the house, and presently a succession of wails announced that the youngster's condition had been discovered by his long suffering mother. Carman chuckled.

"Vengeance was swift, my boy. You'll wind up on the gallows yet."

Carman was not ordinarily heartless, and, as a rule, he was fond of children, but the provocation had been great.

Mrs. Dudley tapped on his door, and Carman answered.

"Do you think," she asked, "it would hurt your boots to put them in the oven to dry? We had them in the sun, but they are drying very slowly. Here are your other clothes."

Carman decided in favor of the oven; anything to hurry the process. Perhaps, after all, he might be in time. He assumed his restored clothing and shuffled down to the porch in Bob Dudley's bath slippers. Carman was a six foot giant, while Dudley was small and dapper. There was nothing in the house that would fit Carman.

On the porch he chatted with his hostess and found it more pleasant to talk of Ruth than to sit in a room by himself and brood over his lost opportunity.

D. D. D. was playing at the other end of the piazza under the maternal eye. With the prospect of a speedy return of his footwear Carman even found it possible to smile upon the youngster mildly.

Then the servant came out bearing the boots, and as she neared Carman D. D. D. made a dive for the footwear.

"I want my tar," he exclaimed. "I hid it there when Norah ran after me."

Norah dropped the boots on Carman's stockinged feet, and, with a howl of dismay and pain, the latter picked them up. It was all too true. In the right boot were the dark stains that told how well the heat of the oven had spread the pitch. The shoes were ruined.

Mrs. Dudley was all concern, but it began to look as though all the fates were against Carman. There was not another pair of shoes about the place that approached his size. It was out of the question to send the girl to town. The chauffeur had driven the head of the house to the city and had not yet returned.

"It's all over," said Carman grimly. "I'll go to town in the morning in the auto. Until then it will have to be bath slippers for me, and I cannot very well propose in bath slippers."

"It is scarcely the costume of romance," said Mrs. Dudley.

"It is fate," he said resignedly. "Miss Emory will never me allow."

"Perhaps it is not as bad as that. You might write, you know," comforted Mrs. Dudley, but Carman refused to be comforted. He knew how vainly he had tried to frame a letter that would sound unlike a business communication. It was only the prospect of her leaving that had moved him to speaking. Now the chance was lost, thanks to D. D. D.

That evening Carman sat on the porch looking across the water to where the lights betrayed the Blessington's place. Mrs. Dudley had promised to call on a sick friend, and Carman would not hear of her remaining at home. It was nearly 10 when a figure stole across the grass, and Carman rose from his chair.

"Look out for the pitfall," he warned. "Don't get in the brook."

"I won't," came the cheery reply, and Carman started. It was not Mrs. Dudley, but Ruth Emory who presently emerged from the gloom of the trees to offer her slim, cool hand.

"I thought that Helen was here," she said. "I paddled over to say goodby to her."

"She will be home presently," he said eagerly. "Won't you wait?"

Somehow, now that she was here, he had lost his courage again.

Ruth sat down and demanded an explanation of his warning, and he explained the device of D. D. D.

"And you have been cooped up here all day," she cried. "What a shame! It was a perfect day."

"Not for me," he said mournfully. "That little limb of Satan spoiled it for me."

"I ain't a limb of Satan," denied a sleepy voice from the low French window. "I am a good boy, only I am bad sometimes," he explained as he pattered out upon the piazza and climbed upon Ruth's lap. "I was bad today," he added. "I got tar in Mr. Carman's boots, and I got spanked because he couldn't come over and ask you to marry him. Won't you please marry him so I won't be spanked?" he added. "I was spanked three times today."

"Won't you?" asked Carman softly. "I want you so, dear! When it seemed that I had lost my opportunity I was nearly crazy. It was fate that brought you over. I am not a good pleader. Won't you let D. D. D. plead for me?"

Miss Emory's eyes grew softly bright. She, too, had been afraid that perhaps the word that would mean so much to them both would never be spoken.

"I am a member of the Children's Aid society," she said, with a low laugh. "Perhaps for the sake of D. D. D. I had better say yes."

In a moment Carman's arms were about her, and he knelt beside her chair. Mrs. Dudley's first hint that all was well was gained as she sounded the porch from D. D. D.'s sleepy voice.

"Kiss me, too," he pleaded. And Mrs. Dudley smiled and went softly to the back door lest she disturb them.

Early Refrigeration.

The most ancient method of making ice is practiced in parts of India. Holes are made in the ground, dry straw is put at the bottom of these, and on it at the close of the day are placed pans of water which are left until the next morning when the ice that is found within the pans is collected. This industry is carried on only in districts where the ground is dry and will readily absorb the vapor given off from the water in the pans. The freezing, of course, is due to the great amount of heat absorbed by the vapor in passing from the liquid to its gaseous form.

Another process was practiced in the day of ancient Rome, when the wealthy are said to have had their wines cooled by having the bottles placed in water into which saltpeter was thrown, the bottles being the while rotated.

Dr. Cullen in 1755 discovered that the evaporation of water could be facilitated by the removal of the pressure of the atmosphere and that by doing this water could be frozen. Nairn in 1777 discovered that sulphuric acid would absorb the vapor of water if placed in a second vessel separate from that containing the water, but connected with it. This discovery he put to use in 1810 by constructing an apparatus for absorbing the vapor of the water that it was desired to cool or freeze. This apparatus greatly facilitated the freezing operations of a vacuum freezing machine.

The Black Sea.

The Black sea differs in a most remarkable manner from other lakes and seas. A surface current flows continually from it into the Mediterranean and an undercurrent from the Mediterranean into the Black sea. The latter current is salt and, being heavier than the fresh water above it, becomes stagnant at the bottom. Being saturated with sulphureted hydrogen, this water will not maintain life, and so the Black sea contains no living thing below the depth of about a hundred fathoms. Its area is 168,500 square miles, it is 740 miles long, and its greatest width is 390 miles.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

THE RATTLER.

It Rarely Sounds Its Note of Warning Until Attacked.

Contrary to the general belief, the rattler rarely gives its characteristic note of warning until actually attacked. In fact, the sharp, vibrant ring of its terminal appendage is probably designed more to deter this very stupid serpent to obtain its food than to sound defiance or warning. In the first place, serpents possess but the most rudimentary traces of auditory apparatus and are practically deaf, the deficiency in the sense of hearing being compensated for by an extreme sensitiveness of feeling which makes them aware of the approach of moving objects by the vibration of the ground.

Hunters, treading cautiously upon a soft carpet of moss or leaves to avoid alarming game, will often step close to or over a rattler without disturbing it or receiving warning, and while many snakes are seen and killed by them it is probable that a far greater number are passed by unnoticed. All snakes are timid and would rather run than fight, and the rattler is not inviting certain destruction by advertising its whereabouts in the brush.—Francis Metcalfe in Outing Magazine.

CAUGHT THE THIEF.

An Incident Which Illustrates Japanese Detective Methods.

Recently in the village of Tahara-mura, Japan, all the male inhabitants above the age of fifteen years were assembled in front of the local Shinto shrine at the call of the village chief. A thief had been making depredations in the local tobacco plantations, and the chief sought to discover him. Outlines of the feet of all the villagers were taken on sheets of paper, and then these were compared with the tracks left by the thief in the tobacco fields. Nothing resulted from this experiment. The next day the inhabitants were called together again. A great hole was dug in the ground, and a raging charcoal fire was built in it. All persons present were ordered to walk through the fire barefooted, it being declared that no person would be burned except the guilty one. All advanced to undergo the ordeal except one, Shukichi Shibata, a man of evil reputation. He declined to trust his feet to the redhot coals. Accordingly he was arrested and soon confessed his guilt.

FICTION AND FACT.

The Message in the Story Book and In Real Life.

In a magazine:

"I don't like you any more."

Harold Hopkins looked up at the quaint figure—a boy of six, with a mouth smeared with huckleberry pie.

Harold was glum.

"I don't like you any more."

"Why?"

"'Cause you made sister cry."

"Ethel cry! I didn't—I couldn't—make her cry."

"Well, she's crying now when you said nothing when you walked away. Why didn't you say by-by and kiss her when you're going away? I always do."

"I will! Right now!"

And Harold hastened back to make up the lovers' quarrel.

In real life:

"Say, sister gave me a piece of pie to come down and see if you'd gone and if you hadn't to try to get you back past where she was sitting on the porch getting ready to be crying."

"Oh!"—New York American.

The Spleen as Food.

In France and Italy many persons eat the spleen, what we call in French "ratte." I have eaten it myself. Generally from a pig it weighs about eight ounces, and it is situated on the right side of the pig, touching the liver. A spleen from a cow or bull weighs about two pounds, but is a little more spongy than the pig's spleen, which is the best. If some one should start the fashion we would after awhile pay 75 cents a portion in first class restaurants, especially if some person of mark should start the habit.—Chef Valere Braguehais in Letter to New York Tribune.

The Modern Turkish Woman.

The modern Turkish woman receives a far better education than many of her western sisters. When the latter is busy visiting, going to concerts or even indulging in sports the oriental within the barred windows of her harem follows these movements in spirit. With a knowledge of seven languages, three oriental and four European, foreign governesses and as many books as she requires little escapes her attention.—London Strand.

Lightning as She Saw It.

While little Gertrude was looking out of a window during a thunderstorm she saw a flash of lightning play along a telegraph wire.

"Oh, mamma," she exclaimed, "I just saw a piece of the sun fall down from the sky!"—New York Press.

Matrimony's Small Change.

In olden times it took a broken sixpence to plight the troth of two fond hearts in proper style. These days it's the lover who is broke. But he is much the same old sixpence.—Puck.

Not Guilty.

Enthusiastic Amateur Sailor—Let go that jib sheet. Unenthusiastic Landlubber (who has been decoyed into acting crew)—I'm not touching the beastly thing!—Punch.

The average elevation of North America is 1,350 feet and of South America 1,200 feet.

EMIL THAMM, MANUFACTURER OF Fine Cigars. Wholesale and Retail Dealer.

It is a well known fact that persons in the pine forests do not suffer from kidney diseases. One dose of Pineules at night usually relieves backache. 30 days' treatment $1.00. Your money refunded if not satisfied. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Locating Mrs. Porter.

..... By CARL WILLIAMS.

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"Do you know," said Porter, with the air of a person who makes a great discovery, "I think I ought to get married."

For a moment Eda Kirby's heart stopped beating, but Porter continued in his easy, placid tones:

"You see, I am pretty comfortably fixed now, and it is high time I looked about me. I think I shall take a vacation and go to the mountains. I ought to find some one up there who should suit me well enough to be Mrs. Porter. And so I won't be around again. I leave tomorrow night."

He rose heavily to his feet, and Eda sprang to get his hat, forcing to her lips the smile that masked but poorly the quivering of her mouth. For three years she had loved John Porter. For nearly that length of time she had thought also that he loved her.

"Goodby and good luck," she said as he passed through the door. "You will let me know when your quest has succeeded, won't you?"

"To be sure," he agreed. "Take care of yourself and don't get sick."

He patted the slender hand that still lay within his own and turned to the stairs. Eda watched him past the next landing and then stepped into the apartment that had been her home ever since she had been forced to become a wage earner.

It was a tiny enough place, four small rooms sprung off a hall the size of a soap box, but it was neat and homelike, and Porter loved to spend

THEN CAME THE TELEGRAM.

his evenings there when other distractions did not offer. He was always certain of finding Eda home and as regularly in good humor. He could not know at what cost she recruited at times her flagging energy that he might not see how hard the struggle was for her.

Now the whole place seemed dark and lonesome, and, with a sobbing cry she threw herself upon the sofa and gave vent to the grief within her soul. John Porter had never been a demonstrative man, but she had not dreamed that his calls were merely because he liked to spend a quiet evening in homelike apartments.

Now he had gone in search of a wife, that she should lead her life alone. Long ago the time for making new friends had passed.

Somehow during the next two weeks she managed to keep up her work while always the dull ache was in her heart and the soft color faded from her cheeks and the slender hands became more slender. Porter had not written. He never was much of a hand at letter writing, and she did not even know where he had gone. Then came the telegram that seemed to wring her heart afresh.

"Have discovered her," it ran. "Will be home this evening and will call to tell you about it."

So his quest had been successful. Eda signed the book and stood staring after the departing messenger, wondering what impulse had led her to tip the lad a quarter for bringing her bad news. Womanlike, she seldom tipped, but some impulse had led her to give the boy the money, and even in the first new access of her grief she had wondered at her liberality.

Late in the afternoon Eda roused herself to make the little flat presentable. It would probably be the last time that Porter would ever come. She could not receive calls from an engaged man. She wanted him to remember the place at its best.

It was a very inviting room that Porter entered that evening. The Morris chair was drawn close to the window, and his ash tray was beside it on the taboret. The shaded lamp sent out a soft glow that did not suggest heat, as did the gas, and Eda in her daintiest gown sat by the other window. Porter looked about him with pleasure.

"This seems like home," he sighed. "Only I want a bigger place, this is so tiny. It's different from a hotel room even at a hotel where you are supposed to get the best. They can't make the rooms seem homelike."

"Where did you go?" she asked.

"All over," he replied, with a laugh. "Surely you did not expect to find your ideal on the forth of the first place you registered," she suggested. "What is worth having is worth looking for."

"I don't know?" he admitted. "The trouble is that you don't have to look hard enough sometimes. Then you are apt not to see it. I went to Glenville first. They have the athletic girl there. There was a golf tournament on, and every girl was walking about with a lot of sticks. Some of them were for hitting the ball, and the rest they called irons, though they were mostly pretty poor apologies."

"The better chance for you," he reminded. Porter shook his head.

"I think," he said slowly, "that I could catalogue every variety of summer girl there is, and there are lots of them—about as many sorts of summer girls as there are girls."

"And which kind did you select?" she asked quietly.

"I went from there to Ridge Park," he went on, ignoring her question. "There was no golf there. It was mostly horseback riding. The women were rather more attractive, but I didn't like them, and I lit out for the seashore."

"And there you found a mermaid?" Her voice was light, but she gripped the arms of her chair nervously. She wanted to hear the worst at once. She wanted to get it over with. Then she could congratulate him, and he would go away and leave her alone.

"She's not a mermaid," he answered. "Somehow I never did fancy mermaids. They are rather moist companions, and, being part fish, they are apt to be cold blooded creatures. I did not find her on the shore. I found her up in my own room one night."

"In your room! Not a chambermaid?" cried Eda in horror.

Porter laughed. There was a boyish ring to the laugh that she had never heard before.

"She is not a chambermaid," he assured gravely. "I was all alone. It was one of those hot nights that come late in the season. I could not sleep, so I lighted a cigar and sat by the window watching the sea."

"Moonlight and solitude are dangerous," she reminded.

"Not always," he demurred. "I got to thinking over all the girls I had seen. There were girls all the way from sixteen to sixty—girls to suit every taste but mine. Then I got to thinking of how cool and pleasant it must be in these rooms of yours. Somehow you always manage to keep them cool and shady. Then I looked about the room. I was sitting in and I got homesick for this."

"Of a home of your own like it," she corrected.

"That's it," he explained. "A home of my own like it instead of my bachelor apartments. Then all of a sudden I realized a great truth, and I found out what I wanted."

He waited for her query, but Eda was looking out across the green of the back yards, gleaming with a touch of silver in the moonlight. She did not turn her head as he rose and came toward her chair.

"I realized that it was you I had wanted all along," he said. "None of them was like you, and so none suited. We had been friends for so long that I did not realize how I loved you until I got away from you and missed you.

"I'm quite a stupid, blundering man, Eda. I am more stupid even than most men. I have no right to expect that after all these years you will forgive my denseness, but don't you think that you can learn to love me, dear?"

"I knew that it was right to give that boy the money," she murmured. Porter puzzled at the words, but she drew his head down against her cheek, and he did not care. He had found Mrs. Porter, and that was all sufficient.

Handshakes.

Says Sydney Smith: On meeting a young lady who had just entered the garden and shaking hands with her, "I must," I said, "give you a lesson in shaking hands, I see. There is nothing more characteristic than shakes of the hand. I have classified them. Taste, when he was here, illustrated some of them. Ask Mrs. Sydney to show you his sketches of them when you go in.

"There is the high official—the body erect and a rapid, short shake near the chin. There is the mortmain—the flat hand introduced into your palm and hardly conscious of its contiguity; the digital—one finger held out, much used by the high clergy. There is the shaken rusticus, where your hand is seized in an iron grasp, betokening rude health, warm heart and distance from the metropolis, but producing a strong sense of relief on your part when you find your hand released and your fingers unbroken.

"The next to this is the retentive shake—one which, beginning with vigor, pauses, as it were, to take breath, but without relinquishing its prey, and before you are aware begins again. (If you feel anxious as to the result and have no shake left in you. There are other varieties, but this is enough for one lesson."

Holding His Own.

Scattered through the pine clad mountains of California live some grizzly old miners whose dry wit is often amusing. After many years' absence a certain gentleman returned to the little mountain town that had been his birthplace. The first person he met was an old miner who had known him as a boy.

"Howdy, Tom?" he said as he shook hands. "How've you been getting along all these years?"

The old fellow shifted his quid of tobacco, spat into the dust, then said in the habitual drawl, "Want, I didn't have a darn cent when I come here forty year ago, an' I'm holdin' my own."—Judge Library.

It comes put up in a collapsible tube with a nozzle, easy to apply to the soreness and inflammation, for any form of Piles; it soothes and relieves pain, itching, burning. Man Zad Pile Remedy. Price 50 cents. Guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

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State Treasurer—Wm. H. Berry.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

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State Senator—G. W. Williams, Wellsboro.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; E. F. Hulbrand, Bradford.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—, E. Hall, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
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Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—Wm. Marsh, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. J. Oviatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayre, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

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High Constable—Andrew Ness.
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Collector—R. G. Gleason.
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Auditors—J. A. Swanson, H. E. Tull, W. R. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. H. Greenfield.
Inspectors of Election—C. T. Daly, E. S. McClure.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

HORACE H. REDFIELD, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work I. military degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

G. H. DENNING, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 272, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

J. K. HOGARTH, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month and 7:30 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

H. L. BUCKINGHAM, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 181, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Keene Hall.

J. C. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GAYLOR, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 99, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. R. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Tuesday afternoon.

ELIZABETH KEDDEN, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Baskus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

MRS. E. S. BAKER, Pres.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

F. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

O. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CHARLES BUNNELL, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 13, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOORHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall: Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 p. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m.; General prayer meeting Wednesday at 7 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—T. F. Dugan pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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Beulah's Engagement.

By ANNE HEITMAN.

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The heir to the Fackerel millions leaned back in the great chair and bent a stealthy, puzzled glance in the plate the butler had put before him. He had no more idea of the food the plate contained than he had of the proper fork to eat it with.

"Tell me your object in wanting this secretaryship, Fackerel," suggested Judge Delmas, apparently oblivious of his guest's dilemma. "Why you, with almost unlimited wealth at your command, should desire such a position puzzles me."

"Am I very well off?" queried Fackerel. "You know money just means figures to a twelve dollar per week bank clerk."

"You are better off than this young Hobson, who wants a secretary. He's also a client of mine."

"What?" exclaimed Fackerel excitedly. "He—it is incredible!"

The judge smiled reassuringly. Though Delmas had known his old friend's nephew but two or three days he had taken a fancy to the boy.

Ned Fackerel was about twenty-five, a well set up, broad shouldered fellow, with a fresh, pallied face, which made him look younger than he was. He had a well shaped head, with steady, deep set eyes and a square jaw.

"Well, judge," went on the boy in his deep, pleasant voice, "since I've come into this money the papers have been printing columns about me and my wealth. I'm besieged by reporters and deluged with congratulations and invitations from people I never heard of. I'd like to drop out of sight for awhile until I learn the ropes, you know, and I can't travel very far because you'll have me to sign papers now and again. And I should like to try being a rich man's secretary so that I could see a little life from the inside."

"It will not do you any harm," said the judge, "and the experience may do you good."

Hobson was duly appointed secretary recommended by the judge, and as Fackerel was quick to appreciate he had little trouble. His predecessor, pampered the young millionaire to his great comfort, hence Hobson expected to officiate in lavish fashion with the assistance of no available pleasure loving aid.

One morning after Ned's arrival with some friends Hobson sent a peremptory note for his secretary.

"The Watkins's are coming today," he announced. "I nearly forgot all about it. You'll have to go to the station, Fackerel. I've planned it. I feel up to it, and some one must meet her majesty."

"Very well, sir," replied the secretary, rather stiffly. Hobson's way of speaking of women did not coincide with Fackerel's ideas, and the youth always grew especially *rattled at Hobson's* careless mention of the girl he expected to marry.

Fackerel had never seen Beulah Waring. When he arrived at the station to find the train in and a number of people looking about expectantly, he was puzzled. He was making his way across the platform, which he saw a tall, slim browned girl coming toward him. As she stepped aside quickly to avoid being run down by a truck load of trunks the bag slipped from her shoulder, and she tripped over it, falling straight into Fackerel's outstretched arms.

"Oh, I hope you aren't hurt!" he exclaimed so fervently that she smiled at him.

"Not a bit, thank you," she replied. "Can you tell me whether Mr. Hobson's train is here?"

"I am indeed," he answered, picking up the bag. "I drove it over to meet Miss Waring."

"I am Beulah Waring. And—you?" she inquired in a rather imperious way.

"I am Mr. Hobson's secretary," stammered Fackerel.

"The others are coming on a later train. I hurried on for a round of golf before luncheon, as I knew the Greers and Denisons were already here," she explained as Fackerel assisted her into the trap.

The coming of Beulah Waring was an event in Ned Fackerel's life. With the single mindedness of a thoroughly sincere and unworldly man he fell in love with her deeply and for all time. Beulah was honestly unconscious of it, though she might have known it had she stopped to reason out his thoughtfulness for her, his gentle air of protection and deference and his deep, silent delight in her society. She was not in any way self conscious, and love had never touched her.

Her distaste for her approaching marriage was absorbing her mind to the exclusion of all else. Hobson was the only one who understood the situation, and he found a vast amount of quiet, cynical amusement in it. He said nothing to Beulah, whose engagement to him had been the fruition of a scheming mother's work, because he expected her to allow him great latitude in his own affairs.

On the night of Beulah's birthday there was a dinner at the house. While it was in progress Fackerel was striding up and down a secluded path on the lawn having it out with himself.

He knew at last just where he stood and how he felt toward Beulah, and he determined rightly or wrongly that she should know something of his feelings for her.

After a time he grew calmer. Looking up, he saw Beulah coming straight to him over the lawn, her white gown gleaming against the dark background of the trees.

"You haven't even congratulated me, Mr. Fackerel," she began, "and now my birthday is nearly over."

"I've been hoping all day for the chance, Miss Waring. I—I want to beg you to accept this in remembrance of some one to whom you have been very kind."

He held out to her a small square box, and she took it wonderingly.

"How nice of you! Why, Mr. Fackerel," she exclaimed as she opened the box and saw the exquisite pendant of diamonds, "how perfectly beautiful and how good of you, but—"

"But what?" he asked as she paused irresolutely.

"I cannot accept so costly a gift and—from you," she said.

"I want you to have it," he persisted, "to remember me if you will, when I am gone."—

"Gone!" she repeated. "Why, surely you are not going away?"

"Tomorrow, and this is our"—

"But why do you go?" she interrupted, suddenly growing white and wistful. "I don't want you to go. I need you. I"—

"I trust I don't intrude?" broke in Hobson's cool, sneering voice. "You make a charming tableau."

Fackerel scarcely heeded him. He was too much dazed at the significance of Beulah's last trembling speech to think or to care to think what Hobson's presence meant. A sudden hopefulness sprang up within him, and he could scarcely keep back the eager words upon his lips. Beulah, with the gleaming pendant still in her hand, looked from her betrothed's sneering face to the other's, white and intent, and knew at last what the fierce, sweet pain at her heart portended.

"Having clandestine meetings with my promised wife is something I could easily overlook," the sneering voice went on. "But a predilection for making expensive presents by one who has access to my safe is another matter. You can consider yourself discharged, Fackerel."

"Robert, I am ashamed of you," exclaimed Beulah, hastily placing herself between the two men as Fackerel made a step forward. "You can consider our engagement broken," drawing his ring from her finger and thrusting it into his hand, "where the goodness to serve me."

"I'll look over your accounts at once, Fackerel," he threatened as he turned and walked away over the lawn.

"Beulah," began Fackerel abruptly, "I don't know how to say it well, but I love you with all my heart, and I want you to say that you care for me, too—you?"

She stepped up to him and put her two hands on his shoulders, and so for a long minute she stood looking straight into Fackerel's eyes.

"As I never dreamed of caring for any one on earth, my dear," she whispered.

A Blowing Well.

There is a blowing well near Raymondville, Texas county, Mo. This well, which is on a hill, was drilled in 1896 to a depth of 187 feet. Soft water was struck at the bottom and rose seven feet in the well. In a dry time, especially in the winter, the well becomes dry. In drilling it a cave three feet high was struck at a depth of 160 feet. When the well is dry it there is a long prevailing wind from the north. A current of air rushes from the pipe strong enough to blow the cap from the tubing. This fact illustrates the honeycombed and cavernous nature of the rocks in this region. About ten miles to the north in the valley of Ashley creek is what Schoolcraft described in the account of his trip through this region in 1818 as "the valley of caves." Here in the eroded bluffs may be seen numerous caves, which testify to the great amount of underground drainage and through which probably the prevailing winds are sucked underground, and carried for long distances, accounting for the blowing well ten miles away.—Chicago News.

Safe Deposit Secrets.

"If all the safe deposit boxes in New York could talk at once," said a veteran police detective, "a great many interesting things would be learned and no end of mysteries revealed. Stolen wealth would come to light, unsuspected riches be revealed, a number of bluffs on bundles of waste paper be called and little romances brought to light. I once knew of an aged spinster who leased a box that contained only a few photographs and a bundle of old letters. Of absolutely no value to any one else, they were so priceless to her that she did not dare to leave them in a less secure place. I know of an old man who was supposed to own only a small house and lot on the upper east side, and yet when he died over $100,000 of gilt edged securities were found in a deposit box downtown."

A Candid Hostess.

Mrs. Whitaker (in "Sicily and England, 1848-70") has preserved some odd reminiscences of people once well known. We think she has succeeded in giving us perhaps the rudest communication ever sent by a hostess to a guest. The Lady Shelley of the day sent the following to a young lady of good position who could sing and had twice declined to sing at her house, but was not good looking: "Dear Miss Temple-Bodewin, I had asked you and your sister to my house hoping you would sing for me. As my rooms are small I can only invite people who are either useful or ornamental. As you will not be the one and you certainly are not the other, I must request that in future you refrain from coming to me."—London Saturday Review.

THE GARTER.

Insignia of the Most Coveted of All English Orders.

Although the most coveted of English orders, the origin of the Garter is really a mystery.

Conflicting authorities assign the foundation of the order either to the 23d of April, St. George's day, 1344, or to the same festival five years later, while the popular anecdote associated with it is that at a court ceremony a lady—either the queen, the Countess of Salisbury or the Countess of Kent—happened to drop her garter, which was picked up by King Edward III., who, observing a disposition to laugh among the bystanders, exclaimed in his royal displeasure, "Honi soit qui mal y pense" (disgraced be he who thinks ill of it).

The reigning monarch is, of course, ex officio the sovereign of the order of the Garter.

At first the garter was made of light blue silk, but that which is now given is made of dark blue velvet. It is worn on the left leg a little below the knee.

The Order of the Garter as an order of chivalry has a very deep religious significance. It is, or should be, attended by religious ceremonies of a very precise and ornate character, and it was reported in Victoria's reign that a certain nobleman hesitated as to accepting the honor on account of its having been conferred on an oriental potentate.—Philadelphia North American.

CAME TO STAY.

Return of the Prodigal With Money and a Large Check.

Old home week had come, and the returned sons and grandsons were gathered together. One after another they rose and told with pardonable pride their achievements in the great world, impressing their importance on the stay at homes. At length Mr. Jameson spoke:

"I went away from here twenty years ago a poor young man, with only one solitary dollar in my pocket. I walked the four miles from my father's farm to the station, and there I begged a ride to Boston on a freight car. Last night I drove into town behind a spirited pair of horses, and my purse—guess how much my purse holds in money today, besides a large check—and Mr. Jameson looked about him with a smile.

"Fifty dollars!"

"Seventy-five!"

"A hundred!" shouted the boys, filled with admiration.

"No," said Mr. Jameson, drawing a large, flat purse from his pocket when the clamor had subsided, "none of you has guessed right. When I had paid the 25 cents to Ozzy Borgs for my refreshing drive in the coach I had besides my trunk check (which I retained for financial reasons), exactly 4 cents. I have come back, my friends, to stay. Any little jobs of sawing and splitting will be gratefully received."—Woman's Home Companion.

Our Names Lack "Color."

At an early period, and indeed well toward the beginning of modern history, proper names told something as to paternity, occupation and habitation. Today they are quite colorless. A new Ulysses would no longer be Laertides. No Peter indicates that he is the son of Paul. A Carpenter of a Wouser is likely to be a fly fingered stockbroker. Even the place names, complains the Nation, have pretty much disappeared, except in the case of nobility, and since the average gentle family has got for years lived on its ancestral estates or perhaps has had none at all our new Gastons de Foix give us a name as sapless as John Jones.—London Chronicle.

A Knockdown Argument.

A suburban school just opening for the season was composed of both city and country children. The teacher selected eight boys to debate the subject "Which is Preferable, Country or City Life?"

After they had read many arguments with much enthusiasm Country Hugh laid down his paper and said: "Mr. President, they don't know what they're talkin' about. The city boy knows nothin' about 'going to town,' and that beats anything I know."—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Old Romans.

Do you know that the Roman mortar was harder than the stones which it held together? It is a remarkable thing that we do not know how to make mortar like that now. And what an eye those old Romans had for position! It is a pity that some historical writer doesn't write a romance with Julius Cæsar as the central figure. Shakespeare seems to be the only author who has done anything of that sort really well.—London Captain.

Cold Comfort.

"I have no money," the man complained.

"You have been given," responded Jupiter, "a sense of humor instead."

"To what end?"

"That you may enjoy watching those who have."—Editor.

False.

Miss Blondlock—How dare you tell people my hair is bleached? You know it is false? Miss Ravenwing—Yes, dear; I know it is. I told them it was bleached before you got it.—London Telegraph.

His Version.

Sunday School Teacher—Freddy, do you remember the precept about sparing the rod? Small Freddy—Yes, ma'am. Spare the rod and lose the fish.—New York Globe.

The Ugly Duckling.

By JAMES SPRAGUE.

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There was a decided tendency among the scholars of the summer school to overlook little Miss Snell. But pretty Miss Biscoe defended her.

"She may be frumpy," she declared, "and I never saw such clothes, but she is nice when you know her."

Most of the scholars at the summer school were teachers, who were making up in the six weeks' course the deficiencies of early education or preparing for higher grades.

In winter little Miss Snell taught in a district school. Her summer school experience marked the first milestone of travel. Never before had she been out of her native township. Never before had she met such wonderful girls as these who came from the big cities, with all the daintiness of city gowning and city grooming.

At home Miss Snell had considered her one thick suit and two lawn dresses a sufficient and elegant wardrobe, especially as it was supplemented by six white waists, two of which were embroidered by her own hands, one in a prim daisy pattern and one with chrysanthemums.

At the summer school, however, even the embroidered waists seemed inadequate as compared to Miss Biscoe's delicate lingerie blouses, with their short sleeves and filmy effects. Miss Snell's waists had linen cuffs and stiff collars, which emphasized the plainness of her little, pointed face, her straight banded hair, her spare, girlish figure.

"It's too bad," Miss Biscoe said the night of the first reception given by the faculty to the summer school scholars. "It's too bad. I don't believe she is having a good time. You go over and talk to her."

"You are trying to get rid of me," Owen Marvin complained. He was principal of a high school at home and was unmarried. He had never seen a girl quite so knowing and engaging as Miss Biscoe, and he was beginning to think seriously of asking her to marry him.

"No, I am not," Miss Biscoe's blue eyes sparkled. "But I hate to see any one look so lonely as that poor little thing. Come on." And she swept away, all her pink chiffon frills a-flutter, and there was nothing for him to do but to follow.

Miss Snell brightened up as they came toward her. She thought she had never seen anything so pretty as Miss Biscoe. "You look like a pink rose," she said as Miss Biscoe dropped into a big chair beside her and introduced Owen Marvin.

"He lives in the next town to you," Miss Biscoe explained, "and I think you ought to know each other."

"Oh," said little Miss Snell, blushing. "I have heard of you so often, Mr. Marvin."

He had not heard of her, but he murmured polite acknowledgements. Miss Biscoe slipped away presently, and he found himself rather enjoying the rapt attention with which this mouse of a girl accepted all his statements. Miss Biscoe had a way of making him feel uncouth and clumsy, but to Miss Snell he towered as a giant of intellect, and she seemed to hang upon his words.

They ate their ice cream together, and it was not until Miss Biscoe came back, radiant and rosy, that he discovered that Miss Snell was exceedingly unattractive in appearance.

"Why don't she dress herself right?" he asked, with a decided sense of irritation, as he took Miss Biscoe home.

"Oh, you men!" smiled Miss Biscoe as they came to Divinity hall, which in summer served as the women's dormitory. "Oh, you men! You make us so frivolous!"

"Well," he said, "why can't she have some things like this," and he touched a little awkwardly the filmy laces of Miss Biscoe's wrap.

Miss Biscoe drew back. "Go way, little boy," she said. "I'll see you in the morning." And away she ran in the moonlight.

"And he needn't think he is going to make love to me," she confided to Miss Murray, who roomed with her, "because I am engaged already."

"You're a flirt," Miss Murray told her.

"No," Miss Biscoe said, "but he thinks so much of himself, and I like to tease him."

"And he will fall in love, and then what?" probed Miss Murray.

"Him!" mused Miss Biscoe, who was brushing her pretty hair. "I really ought to find him another girl, Clara, and switch him off, you know."

"Well, you won't," prophesied Miss Murray. "You will just lead him on."

But the next morning Miss Biscoe announced, "I thought of marrying him to you, Clara, but I know you would never give up your career for any man, and so I have decided to hand him over to little Miss Snell."

Miss Murray, who was making their morning coffee over an alcohol lamp, turned around quickly. "What," she said, "that frumpy little thing!"

"It's her clothes," Miss Biscoe explained. "You wait, Clara. I'm going to play fairy godmother. I owe her something anyhow. When you were away last week and I had one of my splitting headaches she came in and was as sweet as she could be. She took care of me like a born nurse, and I turned everybody else out. You know what a bear I am when I have a headache, Clara."

"Indeed I do," said Miss Murray feelingly.

"Well, she didn't seem to mind. She hung over me and sat up with me, and it was when I made her put on my blue silk dressing gown and she had her hair down that I discovered that she was pretty."

"I can't imagine it," said Miss Murray.

"She is. And she has such a pretty, attentive way of listening. And she has been awfully left out by the other girls here, and I am going to take her in hand."

It required great tact for Miss Biscoe to introduce the subject of dress to Miss Snell. But once done she found an adoring proselyte.

"Oh, I have always wanted to look nice," poor little Miss Snell said, "and I have lived so far away from everything, and my people would insist upon dressing me as they liked things, and I know I am *different*, and I think it is dear of you to help me."

"Question one," said Miss Biscoe. "Can you afford to spend any money on new things?"

Then it developed that Miss Snell was not poor. She taught because life on her father's farm would have been deadly in its monotony otherwise. But her father never limited her expenditures.

"Oh, joy!" murmured Miss Biscoe. "I'll dress you up, little lady, until you won't know yourself. And your first appearance shall be the next reception."

"What color shall I wear?" came the anxious question.

"Mr. Marvin likes white," was the innocent rejoinder.

The blushes flamed into Miss Snell's cheeks.

"If you will look like that next Friday he will down you on the spot, my dear."

"It is you he loves," whispered little Miss Snell. "and he is charming, and I think you will be a wonderful couple."

"No, we won't," said Miss Biscoe decidedly. "I'm going to marry a doctor who lives in New York, and he is the dearest fellow in the world."

The next Friday Owen Marvin, wandering a little disconsolately through the empty rooms of the reception hall, came upon a fairy in white. His footsteps made no sound on the thick carpet, and when he found her she stood there, a white hot gown her fair hair, her face flushed and her head in a ruffle of excitement and as she stood on the stair her white slippered toes and sun dyed neck in the big mirror she was daintily exquisite.

"I beg pardon," Owen apologized as she turned and caught sight of him and then he said quickly, "Why it's Miss Snell."

She came flying down, laughing. "Don't you think my gown is pretty?" she asked. "Miss Biscoe told me where to send for it, and she fixed my hair. Isn't she a dear?"

But he did not join in her enthusiasm.

"She's something of a coquette," he said, "and very fond of admiration."

"Every girl is fond of admiration," Miss Snell defended, all pink and white. "Don't you think so?"

He liked the deference of her manner. Miss Biscoe that afternoon had told him of her engagement, and his pride was hurt. He decided that Miss Snell appreciated him and that she was pretty.

He walked with her through the fast filling rooms. Admiring glances followed them. It was not easy for the teachers to understand the transformation of Miss Snell, and Miss Biscoe was glowing.

"Isn't she a success?" she said to Miss Murray. "I told you she was pretty. You can't always tell when your ugly ducklings are going to turn out to be swans, my dear. And clothes make such a difference."

"Her first name is Lily," she told Marvin as they stood together for a moment, while Miss Snell talked to an astonished professor of English who had never noticed her socially before. "Don't you think it suits her?"

"Yes," said Marvin and went over and took Miss Snell away from the professor of English.

"He needn't think I am going to let you talk to him all the evening," he told Miss Snell, with an air of proprietorship, and she preened herself like a little white dove as she swept through the room by the side of her handsome cavalier and out upon the moonlighted campus.

"May I call you Lily?" he asked as they stood under the elms.

"Oh, who told you that my name was Lily?" she asked.

"Miss Biscoe."

"Isn't she a dear?"

"You are dearer," he said as the moon went behind a cloud.

"Oh!" palpitated the floating vision in white.

"And I love you," said Marvin majestically, and there in the shadowy dimness he bent and kissed her.

Old Sweet Springs.

In the mountains of West Virginia, which are not as well known to the country at large as they deserve to be, are many lovely spots that are summer resorts as well as beautiful resting places in spring and fall. Old Sweet Springs is such a place. It is far above the sea level, and there has been a hotel there ever since 1792. George and Martha Washington spent the summer of 1707 there, and there Jerome Bonaparte met Elizabeth Patterson. There, too, is still standing the Lewis cottage, said to have been the first house erected west of the Alleghanies. There is a golf course at Old Sweet Springs, which is said to be very fine. Anyway, there is a mint patch by the brook. The springs themselves are believed to cure nearly everything, including dandruff. Without vouching for this latter fact, doubtless if you play golf every day without a hat they will help.—Travel Magazine.

Economical.

"I believe I have found the prize woman economist," said an east side baker the other day. "She has just moved into my neighborhood, and I understand the family is by no means poor. The wife came into my place Monday and bought a dozen small cakes. I supposed they were for tea that evening. Imagine my astonishment when she came back Friday evening carrying a small paper sack, from the depths of which she carefully drew forth three of the identical cakes I had sold her four days before. Nodding her head toward them, as she set them down on the counter before me, she said sweetly, 'Won't you please exchange these for some fresh ones?' at the same time indicating a batch that I had brought from the oven not half an hour before."

"Well, what did you do?" asked the baker's sympathetic friend.

"Do? I gave her three of the fresh ones. I think I must have been mesmerized. Next thing I know she will be bringing back the bread crusts to have new loaves put inside them."—Columbus Dispatch.

Odd Baby Customs.

Among the Parsees when a child is born a priest takes the place of the medicine man, carefully noting down all details of birth and "calculating its nativity" to a nicety. Having graciously consulted the parents, he announces the child's name. Baptism by water and by fire follows, the infant being first dipped in a tub and afterward taken to church to be held over a flame.

In Persia the baby is laid on the floor while five names—five different slips of paper are either tucked under the edge of the carpet or hidden in the Koran. The first chapter of this holy book is then read and a slip drawn at random. The chosen name is confided to the baby's ear, but lest he should forget his wee memory is tugged by fastening the paper to his clothing.—Los Angeles Times.

Origin of His Name.

In correcting the exercises of her class a teacher recently observed a new name inscribed on one of the papers—Tom Brown.

She looked round the class, but could see no new boy. Not a little puzzled, she requested Tom Brown to stand.

Up jumped Tommy Smith, and the teacher got more puzzled still.

"Your name's Smith," she said, "not Brown."

Tommy looked not a little abashed and shifted uneasily from one foot to the other.

"Please, ma'am," he said, "it's owing to family trouble. I didn't do it, please, ma'am."

"But," she said sternly, "I repeat, your name is Smith."

"Please ma'am," said the boy, "it's changed now. Ma's married the lodger."—London Mail.

Things He Saw.

A gentleman in a Liverpool restaurant the other day thought he would have a joke with the waiter and asked him if he had ever seen a sausage roll.

"Yes," replied the waiter, "I have not only seen a sausage roll, but I have seen a biscuit box, a table spoon, a bicycle pump, a penny stamp, a chimney sweep, a shaft link, a nose, say a cyclone slide, a garden fence, a swordfish, a spoke shave, a wall flower"—

But when he got to "a fire escape" the gentleman thought it was time he escaped too.

As he was going the waiter went on with "a cup corn, a cake walk, a mountain climb, a sky lark, a honey comb"—

But by this time the customer was hurrying down the street in a dazed condition.—Liverpool Mercury.

They Tax All Signs.

Every sign in Rio Janeiro is taxed. A cafe having a special "sorvete," or ice, to serve makes a placard and hangs it to a doorpost or to one of the palm trees in tubs which commonly decorate such establishments. The notice thus posted must have a revenue stamp attached. Permanent signs are taxed on a permanent basis, temporary signs on a stamped basis. A sign "House For Rent" bears a revenue stamp. Under such circumstances the tax on signboards or billboards is the expected thing, but naturally there is much less general use of such forms of advertising.

Excusable.

"I suppose," remarked the coy widow, "that you are not an advocate of early marriage?"

"Oh, yes, I am," replied the scanty haired bachelor.

"Then," continued the c. w., "why is it you are still a bachelor?"

"That's quite another matter," answered the bachelor. "The only marriages I believe in are early ones, because there is some excuse for youthful follies."—Chicago News.

Couldn't Fool Her.

Mrs. Murray Keith, a venerable Scotch lady, from whom Sir Walter Scott derived many of the traditions and anecdotes eventually in his novels, taxed him one day with the authorship, which he stoutly denied.

"What!" exclaimed the old lady, "D'ye think I dinna ken my ain groats among other folks' kail?"

Explained.

Little Willie Say, pa, what is the difference between "well" and "good"?

Pa—I have noticed, my son, that about the only time when you are good is when you are not well.—Denver Post.

The Reason.

The raison d'etre of the family who can't live on $10,000 a year is usually some other family who won't.—Puck.

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One Touch Of Nature.

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay.

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As Loring Carter's automobile came to a full stop, for the second time in four minutes, with a jerk that threw that young gentleman with some violence against the padded seat, an angry dent showed between his eyes.

"It's the sp"— began the chauffeur, speedily and apologetically getting out of the car.

"I don't care what it is," growled Loring. He was already on the sidewalk. "Take the blamed thing back to the house—if you know how—and don't call for me tonight unless you can guarantee to run it. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," stumbled the chauffeur.

Loring turned on his heel. Before he had gone a block he was whistling blithely. It was impossible to be angry on a morning when the air was like amber, and the streets glinted with that downpouring of sunshine, that wealth of spring glory for which San Francisco has long been famous. Its buildings, as yet untouched by devastation, were sharply outlined against the blue. Youngsters were hurrying schoolward, and Loring threaded his way between their groups.

"Look out, sonny," he laughed, as a small boy bumped into him. "Did you spill your flowers?"

Stooping, he gathered up the scattered marigolds and replaced them in the child's chubby hand. It was then that he caught sight of a tall girl coming down the street with a string of children following. Something about the way she walked and held her head awoke reminiscences in him.

"Why, Eileen!" he cried.

For a moment the girl looked puzzled. Then she smiled. "Mr. Carter!" she exclaimed. "Even in this democratic country a girl does not call young millionaires by their first names because she happens to have gone to grammar school with them."

"Eight years ago you used to call me Lorry," he reminded her.

"Did I?" Her grey eyes overflowed with mirth. "I remember that you used to dub me Freckles!" She tilted up a chin as delicately white as porcelain.

"What are you doing now, Eileen?" said he.

"Isn't it rather obvious?" she asked, with a malice at her following, "that I'm teaching kindergarten?"

"Clay pigeons, paper hats and, all that?"

Eileen nodded. Then they both laughed.

"If I come over tonight will you show me how it's done?" he queried. "I believe I've almost forgotten."

As Eileen assented she gave him a long look, with the inevitable comment that he hadn't changed a particle since the day he used to steal her half the bone.

As for Loring, he was filled with wonder at the alchemy of the years that had changed a gawky, brown pigtailed school girl into this slender, deep-eyed beauty. After this at least three eyebrasses week found him in the little apartment that Eileen kept for her widowed mother and herself. The street was unfashionable and noisy, but, despite its crowded shrillness, Loring liked it, as he liked the dusty eucalyptus tree that stood in front of Eileen's door. Such humble things had come to stand to him for signs and symbols.

One night as he lingered over his after dinner coffee on the broad porch of his home overlooking the lawn his mother glanced at him with sudden quizzical sharpness.

"Lorry," she burst out, "does it ever occur to you that you're a great disappointment?"

She was a pretty little woman, with a peevish mouth and nervous, much beringed hands. Her voice held a note of accumulated wrongs.

"A great disappointment," she reiterated.

"In what way?" said Loring quietly.

"You know quite well," she flashed. "I've spoken of it often enough, goodness knows!"

"You mean Grace Remston?" said Loring.

"It isn't as if she wasn't an attractive girl," pursued his mother treefervantly. "She's of good family too. And ten millions! And every one knows she's interested in you. I can't see why you don't marry her."

Loring set down his cup. It was hardly the moment he would have for confidences, but apparently the time had come.

"Because I have already made up my mind to marry some one else."

His mother gasped.

"Lorry! My dear boy! Oh, I hope she's suitable. You're prone to overlook the really necessary qualifications?"

"She has beauty and grace and kindness of heart," said Loring.

"And her people?"

"Her mother is a very estimable woman. Her father was the janitor of the Myrtle street school."

Then followed the scene which Loring had anticipated and dreaded—reproaches, upbraidings and beseechings on his mother's part; steel-like determination on his own. Finally Loring rose.

"I am going to Portland tomorrow on a business trip," he said, "and in the meantime perhaps"—

"There is no perhaps about it," cried Mrs. Carter, on the verge of tears. "If your father had lived he might have been able to mandge you. But if you go against me in this everything is over between us—forever!"

The next night, standing before her mirror, while her maid unfastened her taffeta gown, Mrs. Carter strove to recall the connection between a serpent's tooth and an ungrateful child. The last thing she remembered as she dropped off to sleep was a determination to speak to the girl herself, the next—she was standing dazed and terror stricken in the middle of the street, without any definite knowledge of how she came there. She was in a pale blue kimono, her feet in bedroom slippers. Past her thronged white lipped, dishevelled men and women. The ground was swaying beneath her feet.

"What has happened?" she demanded wildly, and was answered by the sound of crashing brick and timber, the dull rumble of the earthquake. In the midst of this appalling nightmare she had but one thought—to be near to other human beings. On went the crowd, panic stricken, hurrying, and she with it. In vain she looked for a familiar face. Where were her neighbors? Where were her servants? But Mrs. Carter had never treated her servants with consideration, and in this hour of common peril they had not stood upon the order of their going.

"I'm Mrs. Addison Carter," she cried, touching the sleeve of a woman who passed, and then realized with a shock that her name, so potent yesterday, meant nothing now. Values had shifted, changed. Terror seized her for its own. She swayed with the throng, a leaf in the current. Her hands clutched the edges of her kimono; her feet trod unfamiliar ways. With a blind instinct for self preservation she kept to the middle of the street, till in a dingy thoroughfare she stumbled against a eucalyptus tree that lay uprooted. A strong arm reached out and caught her.

"Sure, 'tis a bad fall you'll be having," said a kindly voice, and Mrs. Carter looked up into a womanly, care furrowed face.

"Oh, take me with you!" she panted, clinging to the arm outstretched to steady her.

"I will!" said her rescuer heartily. "It's a terrible night, it is! Come, Eileen, girl, have you got the food and the blankets? Then we'd best be moving along."

To Mrs. Carter's fright shattered nerves the rest passed as in a dream, the great exodus of the hill from whose summit they saw the conflagration of the city red beneath them. Mrs. O'Higgins busied herself with crude arrangements for comfort, but it was Eileen who, all ignorant of the identity of her charge, watched over her, tended her and fed her in the long hours that followed. It was to Eileen that Mrs. Carter clung with passionate dependence. It was with Eileen that Lorry found the mother, as, haggard and despairing, he searched among the myriad camping groups.

"Mother!" he cried.

Eileen paled.

"You've been asleep, mother?" he asked, with tender solicitude, as one might question a child.

Mrs. Carter sat up on her pile of blankets. "I have been," she cried, "but I'm awake now—awake to the kindship, the loving kindness of the world!"

The peevish line about her mouth was gone. Something newer and deeper than life had ever wrought in her shone in her face as, with an exclamation of joy that was half a sob, she held out her arms to them both.

An Ant Story.

Something new and interesting about ants was recently learned by a florist. For a week or so he had been bothered by ants that got into boxes of seeds which rested on a shelf.

To get rid of the nuisance he put into execution an old plan, which was to place a meaty bone close by, which the ants soon covered, deserting the boxes of seeds.

As soon as the bone became thickly inhabited by the little creepers the florist tossed it into a pail of water. The ants having been washed off, the bone was again put in use as a trap.

The florist bethought himself that he would save trouble by placing the bone in the center of a sheet of fly paper, believing that the ants would get caught on the stick fly paper while trying to reach the food. But the florist was surprised to find that the ants, upon discovering the nature of the paper trap, formed a working force and built a path on the paper close to the bone.

The material for the work was sand, secured from a little pile near by. For hours the ants worked, and when the path was completed they made their way over its dry surface in couples, as in a march, to the bone.—Nature.

A Famous Sea Battle.

The famous battle of Trafalgar took place off the Spanish coast Oct. 21, 1805.

The French and Spaniards had thirty-three ships, the English twenty-seven. The French-Spanish loss in ships was twenty, the English loss none, though one ship was badly damaged. French-Spanish loss in men, killed and drowned, 4,395; wounded, 2,688; total, 6,083. English loss, killed, wounded and drowned, 1,690. The political result of Nelson's victory at Trafalgar was the complete dismemberment of Napoleon's plans regarding the descent upon England. The emperor's plan was for Villeneuve, upon his return from the West Indies, to unite with the twenty-two ships at Brest and safeguard the strait of Dover until he could get his army on English soil. Napoleon's purpose was to start from Boulogne with six army corps, the Imperial guard and 12,000 cavalry, aggregating some 175,000 men, to be taken across in some 2,500 transports and flatboats, when he would march direct on London. All this was made impossible by the victory of Trafalgar.—New York American.

Reason For High Price.

"You charge me $2 for that little dish of possum?" said the guest at the crossroads hotel. "It's an outrage!"

"No, it ain't, stranger," replied the landlord, "I wuz six nights ketchin' that possum, an' when I kotched him I kotched the rheumatism with him, an' I need the money for my doctor's bill."—Atlanta Constitution.

A Doubter.

Little Helen—Ma, the minister told me today that God gave me to you. Mother—Well, he did, my dear. Helen—Then somebody isn't telling the truth. I heard auntie tell Mrs. Watson that the court gave me to you.—Detroit Free Press.

THE EARTH'S INTERIOR

Our Planet's Core Is Liquid, Yet It's as Rigid as Steel.

UNDER ENORMOUS PRESSURE

Neither Rock Nor Metal Could Remain There in the State in Which We See It on the Surface—The Lava That Breaks Through the Earth's Crust.

The idea that the interior of the globe is composed of flowing lava has long since been abandoned, but the picture that modern science offers of the inside of the earth is hardly less appalling. All investigations unite to prove that the best necessary as we descend deeper in the terrestrial crust at such a rate that forty or fifty miles down no substance with which we are acquainted could remain unmelted. And yet the same science tells us that the core of the globe is enormously more rigid than the hardest steel. This apparent contradiction is due to the tremendous pressure inside the earth. No rock and no metal can remain there in the state in which we see it on the surface. Its molecules must lose the adherence characteristic of solid bodies in consequence of the heat, but still they are not free to flow like an ordinary liquid, because of the compression to which they are subjected.

The phenomena of earthquakes have given wonderful information about the internal state of the globe. All observations show that the shocks of earthquakes are confined to a thin upper shell. They originate at a depth of only a few miles at the most. But the vibrations which they set going are felt all through the earth, often extending to the antipodes. The great core, held rigid by the pressure, is extremely elastic, and it responds to a shock like a ball of steel or of glass. The density of the earth increases toward the center. It is only in the upper part of the crust that local movements can take place, causing shocks and changes of level at the surface. Deeper down everything is gripped and immovable, except, as already remarked, that the molecules of the rocks and metals there are subject to vibration like those of a bell against which a blow is struck.

But this is not all. Whenever a local release from the pressure is brought about by chances near the surface the potentially liquid but effectually solid core at that point may suddenly become fluid, and gush forth through a volcanic throat or other vent. But such effects cannot extend to any great depth. Nothing comes to us from the vast interior mass. That remains a perpetual mystery, far beyond the searching hand of science. Indirectly, however, we may learn much about it.

Astronomical considerations throw a great deal of light upon the subject. We see that the whole planetary system rotating globes are flattened at the poles. The same thing is true of the earth. Its equator bulges, its polar regions are drawn inward. Mechanical laws assure us that the cause is to be found in the fact that the earth and the other planets have assumed shape under the influence of the centrifugal force of their rotation. That force is necessarily greatest at the equator. Beginning as completed molten bodies, they have commenced to solidify at the surface after having assumed an ellipsoidal form due to their rotation.

Another very significant fact is that the shape of the earth corresponds with that which a globe rotating with its velocity would have if composed of materials arranged to their density—that is to say, growing denser toward the center. The heaviest materials must lie deep down in the globe; the lighter materials have remained at the surface. This again corresponds with the facts of observation. We know the total "weight" and the average density of the earth. It "weighs" six sextillions of tons, and its average density is five and a half times that of water. But the substances composing the crust of the earth have an average density of twice that of water. It follows that the heaviest things in the earth, on the average, exist deep within its exterior. For all that we can tell, its inner core may be wholly metallic. At the center there is probably an enormous aggregation of dense metallic substances.

An indication that the inner parts of the earth consist largely if not mainly of iron is to be found in the magnetism of the globe. The earth is a great permanent magnet. If we could learn the facts it might turn out that iron is the most abundant substance in the solar system and perhaps in the whole universe. The majority of the meteorites that fall upon the earth consist of solid iron. Blow the earth to pieces and in the resulting cloud of fragments the rocks that we are familiar with would be almost imperceptible. There would be a rain of iron and other metals descending upon the moon and upon any other attracting body in the vicinity.

This view of the interior of the globe disposes of the notion, so picturesquely developed in one of Jules Verne's romances, of the existence of vast cavernous openings in the interior of the earth. Such void spaces, though on no large scale, may exist in the upper part of the crust, but not at a great depth. The earth is effectively more solid than a cannon ball, and the movable rocks composing its crust are like a film of rust on the hard metal.—Professor Garrett P. Serviss in New York American.

His Ground.

He—Why are you going to marry that old fossil? She—I love the very ground he walks on. He—I know, but isn't there any other way of getting it?—London Opinion.

No Hindrance.

"May I have the next dance, Miss Pechis?"

"I'm engaged, Mr. Galley."

"Oh, what's the odds? Why, I'm married."—Exchange.

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The New Suits for Fall have come.

They are now in stock and waiting to be looked at.

There are a lot of new things in colorings and in patterns.

The cuts are a little different from last season.

We wish this announcement to be your invitation to look over this new stock.

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SMETHPORT, PENNA.

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By concealing it about their person; by stowing it away in mugs, jugs and jars; by sewing it up in skirts and ticks; by tucking it under the couches and carpets, in cupboards and bureau drawers; these are some of the ways by which people lose their money, and sometimes their lives.

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Confident that this bank fully meets the public needs we tender its services to all who believe in keeping on the safe side.

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McCoy's Drug Store,

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Notice in Divorce.

C. P. No. 152, June Term, 1907.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Minnie Stewart did, on the 15th of April, 1907, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Edward Stewart.

We therefore command you, the said Edward Stewart, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the second Monday of December, 1907, to answer the petition or libel of Minnie Stewart and show cause, if any you have, why the said Minnie Stewart your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEO. W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Nov. 11, 1907.

Melvin & Melvin, Libellant's Attorneys.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 53, June Term, 1907.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania, to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Kate Richmond did on the 25th day of April, 1907, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, C. M. Richmond.

We therefore command you, the said C. M. Richmond, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the second Monday of December next to answer the petition or libel of Kate Richmond and show cause, if any you have, why the said Kate Richmond, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Nov. 14, 1907.

C. E. Judd, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 161, June Term, 1907.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Alice E. Valentine did, on the 19th day of April, 1907, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Harry C. Valentine.

We therefore command you, the said Harry C. Valentine that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the second Monday of December next to answer the petition or libel of Alice E. Valentine and show cause, if any you have, why the said Alice E. Valentine, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa. Nov. 11, 1907.

J. E. Mullin, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 224, June Term, 1906

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Ether Rosslyn Young did, on the 2th of May, 1907, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Cora Smith Young.

We therefore command you, the said Cora Smith Young, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the second Monday of December next to answer the petition or libel of Ether Rosslyn Young and show cause, if any you have, why the said Ether Rosslyn Young your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Nov. 11, 1907.

J. M. McClure, Libellant's Attorney.

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